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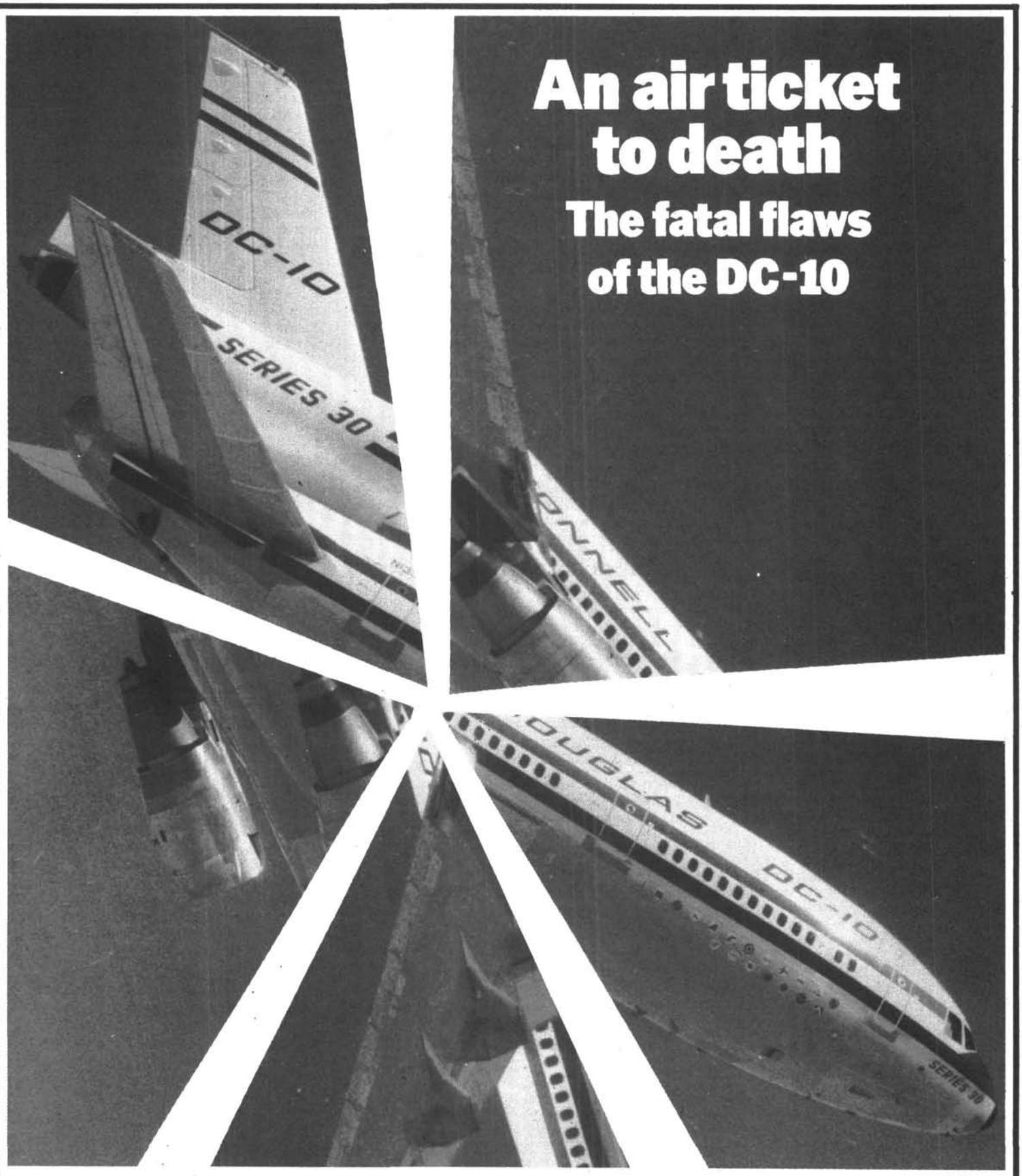
NEW STATESMAN



An air ticket to death

The fatal flaws of the DC-10

Euro-elections: Labour's confusion

Paul Johnson on Christianity

Iran's clerical republic

John Spurling: the new Tate

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NOTES

Musical chairs in Italy

Tana de Zulueta writes from Rome: The terrorists have seized the stage front in the Italian election, which is to be held on 3 June. It was the Red Brigades who opened the campaign on 3 May with their commando attack on the Christian Democrat headquarters in Rome. In broad daylight and in the height of the rush hour fifteen armed men and women walked bare faced into the DC office only fifty yards from the Italian Senate. They set off a few bombs in the building, then killed two policemen on their way out, leaving their own electoral slogan printed on all the walls: 'Show up the electoral fraud as the class struggle,' echoing the motto of the Red Brigade founder Renato Cucio who has said that 'No boss was ever ousted by the ballot box.'

Terrorism is now the common enemy feared by all the main political parties. Because so many of the innumerable terrorist groups define themselves as 'communists' of one kind or another, it is not difficult for the opponents of the Communists to lay the blame, even indirectly, at the door of the PCI. Sometime before the election Prime Minister Giulio Andreotti admitted that the support of the communist party in parliament was essential to overcome the unprecedented threat posed by the kidnap and murder of Aldo Moro by the Red Brigades. Now a DC poster unabashedly puts the blame for Italy's troubles including terrorism, crime, bad schools and unemployment on the communists' determination to 'challenge the system'. What the DC hope for is a return to the good old days when they ran the country undisturbed. Andreotti himself says 'while we had working majorities in parliament terrorism was not the problem it is now.' The communists, who cannot afford to oppose any anti-terrorist measure have even approved the recent government decision to use the army to guard places of 'strategic significance' like ministries and power stations. Attempts to reform the police from a military into a civilian corps have come to nothing.

Besides terrorism, the common enemy feared by all parties is the palpable indifference of so many Italians. Nobody wanted these elections and both the PCI and DC balance each other for the breakdown of the alliance which somehow lasted three years. For reasons of state the communists have let the DC get away with a great deal – they even accepted a move to shelve an investigation of the bribes paid by the oil companies to government party leaders in the sixties and seventies. Such compromise may well have cost the PCI some of the votes which gave them 34 per cent in the last elections and may have killed any hope of change in thousands, not all communists, who welcomed this advance at the time.

Italian parties tend to fight elections according to ideological groupings rather than government programmes. Whilst Berlinguer can get ovations from Turin car workers by calling on Gramsci, the DC have only to be anti-communist. Once the DC had God on the inside, but now the influence of the church is waning, despite the tape recordings of priests giving political advice, being played on a left-wing radio station.

Running out of good reasons for keeping the communists out, the DC are reverting to the oldest reason possible: 'Our allies', says Senator Fanfani, 'would never forgive us'. They are also rejecting PCI overtures about power sharing. The previous arrangement seems to have suited the DC very well. In the enviable position of being Prime Minister without a government, Andreotti compares himself to being captain of a ship, with his political opponents reduced to mere mutinous sailors. The DC are trying to strike up an alliance with the Socialists, even offering them key ministries. However, the Socialist secretary, Bettino Craxi, knows that with the outcome forecast by the polls his ten seats will carry decisive weight. So he is waiting. Most Italians find this sort of musical chairs all too familiar.

Unhappy volunteers

Patricia Dearden writes: Voluntary Service Overseas – the largest organisation which sends British graduates to teach in the Third World – has come under sharp attack from a group of retired volunteers. They want about half of Britain's volunteer programme scrapped because it helps the ruling elites in the countries visited, rather than the poor.

Returned Volunteer Action, which represents about a third of home coming volunteers, has also adopted a charter, which aims to give new recruits a more radical role in the development of the countries they go to. Hundreds of disillusioned returning volunteers argue that most educational projects in the Third World simply cream off the top students and that the education dealt out to the few rarely trickles down to the many. About half the volunteers go to teach.

Although many of the smaller sending agencies have received the charter sympathetically, Voluntary Service Overseas, who supply over four-fifths of the 500 plus graduates sent out each year, have resisted such pressures as being an assault on their non-political character. VSO has tended to answer requests from government ministries rather than search out projects of its own. Gillian Reeve of VSO says: 'We do not believe that we have the right to decide what the Third World wants. Education is something that most people in the Third World want. If that is what they wish for, who are we to say they should not have volunteer teachers?' But as Malcolm Jones, an ex-volunteer who worked in the Dominican Republic, put it: 'If you are in a secondary school teaching the sons of local rulers, that is a political act.'

VSO's attitude has led them into some dubious projects. Until February 1978 there was a VSO volunteer in the Indonesian ministry of information, the body which controls press censorship in the country. One RVA member has alleged that up to 1976 the volunteer's job was to teach English to the board of censors.

Since it was founded twenty years ago, under the auspices of the British Council, VSO has developed away from its original job of sending out school leavers, as pressure has built up for properly qualified volunteers. But even now less than 5 per cent of English teachers are qualified to teach it as a foreign language. Responding to the ideas embodied in the 1975 Overseas Development Ministry white paper that aid should aim to help the poorest, VSO has begun to initiate more projects of its own, rather than just responding to requests from governments. But still volunteers are returning, feeling they are doing more harm than good.

FREE SPEECH

New ways for official secrecy

A curious and homespun legal decision taken last week may have serious implications, not least for the practice of investigative journalism. In the (as yet uncelebrated) case of the *Post Office* and *Campbell* (separately) *v the Metropolitan Police*, a North London magistrates' bench appeared to have decided that, contrary to almost everything trainee lawyers are taught, information is property. The case arose as a final swansong from last year's Official Secrets Act trial in which I and others were accused of breaches of the Act in an interview two years ago. During the case, the police held a large part of my files as potential evidence, releasing huge chunks as various charges collapsed. The Post Office, however, lodged a claim last November that various items, for the most part photocopies of Post Office internal documents, belonged to them.

Our separate claims to have the items handed over by the police were heard last week. For the record, the 16 items included four official circulars about not speaking to the Press, two staff telephone directories, a survey of Parcels Post Marketing information, two circulars blacklisting a communications company, a telephone operator's manual, specifications of a telephone tapping equipment and a page from the (entirely public) Constabulary Almanac, amongst others. Collectively, said the Post Office, they could be used to 'sabotage, infiltrate or misuse' the telephone system. The whole tenor of their remarks echoed the now rather absurd claims made during the Official Secrets Act trial itself about the significance of the material involved. Indeed, last week's hearing was in reality an attempt at creating a surrogate Official Secrets Act, since the Post Office had already unsuccessfully sought permission from the former Attorney General for a Section 2 prosecution concerning some of the same documents.

The Post Office claimed to the magistrates that the photocopies were theirs, although the sheets of paper and ink thereon were admittedly mine,

because the information contained on the paper was theirs. The magistrates agreed, and handed them some twelve of the items, with the rest to me. No reasons were given for this decision, which has astonished legal specialists in copyright and secrecy laws. The most alarming aspect of the decision is the apparent acceptance of the idea of property rights in information, which if it found its way into general law, would pose a very serious threat to investigations of all kinds.

Serious investigations on matters of public interest, such as the recent Rampton hospital disclosures, are already considerably hampered, not least by the Official Secrets Act. Actions for breach of confidence and breach of copyright are a further major obstacle, and were for example key factors which allowed the Distillers company to pursue the legal suppression of the *Sunday Times*'s thalidomide investigations.

Last week's case was unusual, in that the documents were already in police hands and a third party, the Post Office, then claimed them. But it is not difficult to envisage circumstances where the same sort of technique could be used by the subject of an investigation to demand the return of any copies made of non-public documents. I may yet have to sue the Post Office for 'civil theft' to clarify this situation. In the meantime, however, further copies of the documents retained by the Post Office are mostly in fact available (in other hands). It is doubtful whether they will lead anyone to 'sabotage, infiltrate or misuse' the Post Office's diligently safeguarded facilities.

Duncan Campbell

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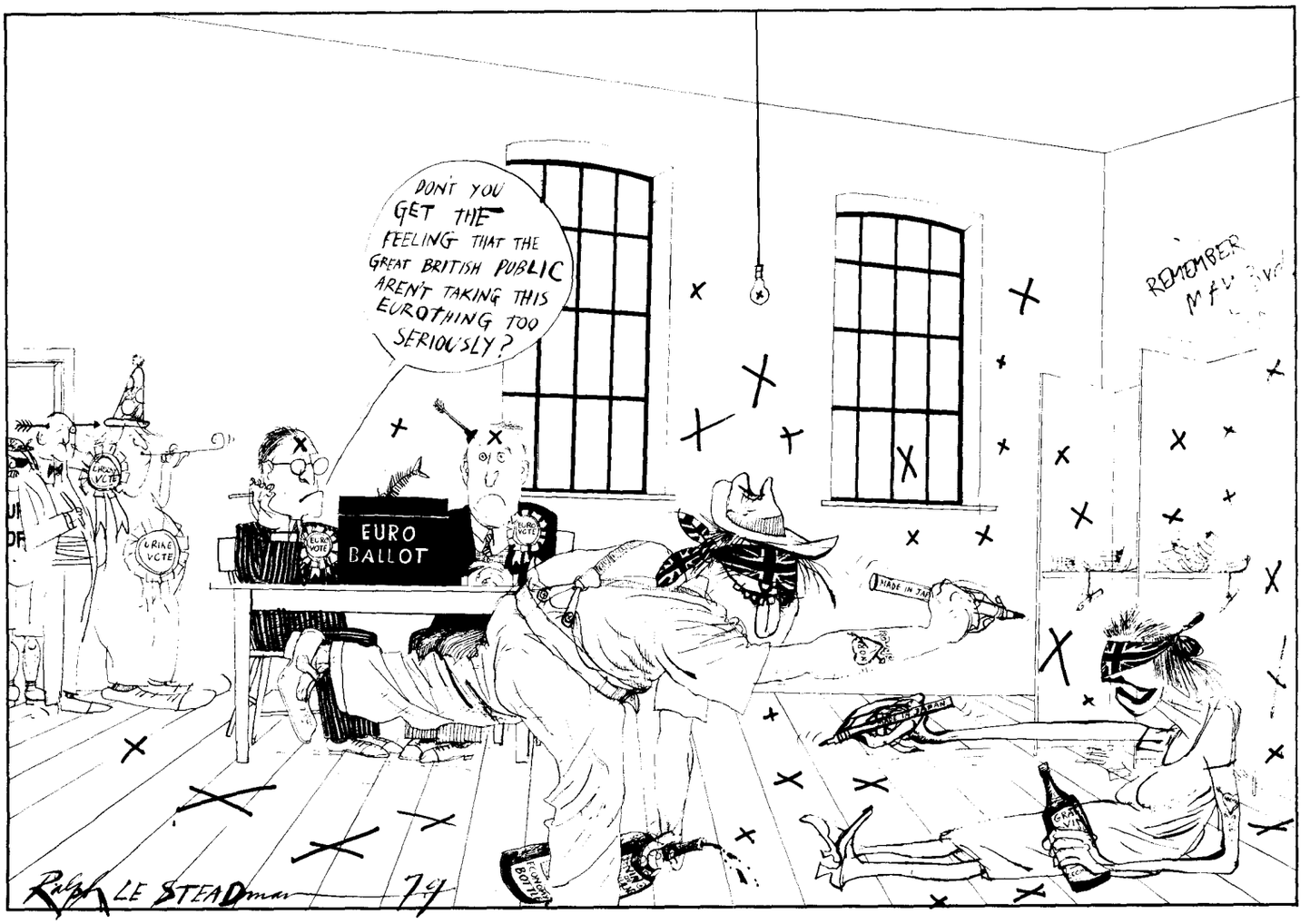
DONT YOU GET THE FEELING THAT THE GREAT BRITISH PUBLIC AREN'T TAKING THIS EUROTHING TOO SERIOUSLY?
EURO BALLOT
REMEMBER
MADE IN TAIWAN
LE STEADman 79

NOTES

Road lobby rejoices

Mick Hamer writes: Transport minister Norman Fowler has hinted that he favours still heavier lorries on our roads. Announcing an inquiry into road freight last week he emphasised that he expected it to 'face squarely the issue of whether there should be any change in the present limits on maximum weight', despite the wide-ranging terms of reference, which were inherited from Labour and which asked for recommendations in the public interest. Additionally Fowler stressed the need for a report which was 'not unduly protracted', echoing the aspirations of the pro-lorry civil servants whose original (leaked) proposals for this inquiry aimed to restrict its scope and length.

Mr Fowler can certainly expect support from the road lobby. The Freight Transport Association and the Road Haulage Association have recently produced their case for the 40 tonne lorry, based on the argument that it will cut costs. Environmentalists and the TUC can be expected to take a different view. The environmentalists, as well as emphasising the environmental impact of heavy lorries, will dispute the operators' cost-cutting claims. Last week the leaders of the transport unions unanimously agreed to oppose heavier lorries and the TUC says such lorries reduce job opportunities.

Fowler has wasted little time in making clear his own sympathies on transport – a policy area polarised along non-party lines. (On one side are the environmentalists, the railway and waterway lobby; on the other, the road lobby.) So far Fowler has set in train events which could lead to heavier lorries, dropped Labour proposals to replace the £50 car duty by petrol tax and abandoned plans to make the wearing of seat belts compulsory. His decision on excise duty – whilst not entirely consistent with other Conservative fiscal policies – has pleased the road lobby and on seat belts he has sided with the extreme case supported by the antediluvian RAC. This activity suggests some clearly formed views on the part of Fowler, even though only one of these issues – the petrol tax – was mentioned in the campaign and none was thought noteworthy enough to rate a mention in the Tory manifesto.

Heseltine's command

Stephen Marks writes: Labour council leaders have been quick to pledge opposition by all legal means to Tory plans to sell off council houses. But it is hard to see what leeway for legal opposition will be left them by the promised legislation. Environment Secretary Michael Heseltine has promised: 'My legislation will be watertight. There will not be one millimetre for local authorities to frustrate the right of the people to buy their homes'. He has in mind a procedure modelled on the Leasehold Reform Act, by which tenants would have the right to serve a statutory notice on the district valuer, requiring him to value their houses and calculate the appropriate level of mrtgage repayment. Tenants would become mortgagors automatically on serving such notices. This has the advantage of making any confrontation appear to be between councils and would-be purchasers, not councils and the Government.

District valuers are appointed and paid by local authorities, but are required to carry out their functions in accordance with 'professional standards'. Any Labour council instructing its valuer not to proceed with valuations of council homes for sale could presumably be answered by a writ from the would-be purchaser requiring the valuer to comply with the law. Most valuers, respectable and highly-paid professionals that they are, would feel no qualms at disregarding their employers and falling in with Mr. Heseltine's legislation.

Labour councils could simply avoid making extra staff available for the work involved, and use other means to dealy sales indefinitely; Mr. Heseltine has already thought of this. A recent circular exhorted councils to 'give full consideration to the use of private legal, surveyor and other services to meet what may be a sudden and short-term upswing in the rate of sale of council dwellings'. This could provoke opposition from NALGO, which is strongly opposed to the use of outside professional staff – a sort of town hall 'lump'. But the legislation is likely to be framed insuch a way that NALGO members in legal and valuers departments will have to decide whether or not they want to break the law.

Mirror's old technology

Duncan Campbell writes: The *Daily Mirror* group has, as expected, written off the ability of its 'new technology' computer typesetting and composition system to compose the group's five papers totally electronically. The *Mirror* and its companions will now be produced by allowing the computer to set the type only and then employing staff to paste the resulting text onto boards – so-called 'cut and paste' techniques. The decision, taken last week, follows a long crisis, caused by the failure of the computer system (NS 18 May).

The computer suppliers, the US based Linotype Paul, are still struggling to try and make additional equipment, for inserting pictures electronically, work as promised. They may also face a legal suit from the *Mirror*, because the performance has been so markedly below what was ordered.

The *Mirror* group will be facing heavy additional costs for some time to come, because of the need for some 60 or so additional staff to handle the variety of printing methods now in use. This is instead of a hoped-for reduction of 100. Nevertheless, the management still hope to achieve this employment target 'in the medium term', as the various newspapers, starting with the *Daily* and *Sunday Mirror*, convert to what might be called 'semi-new' (or semi-old?) technology.

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IMMIGRATION
Duncan Campbell

Home Office files reveal plans for detention centre

New prison for immigrants?

A NEW DETENTION centre to hold 200 immigrants in custody is now being planned by the Home Office's Immigration and Nationality Department. Due to be operational by at least 1983, the new centre is now undergoing a feasibility study and awaiting Treasury approval for its estimated cost of £850,000. The centre is needed, according to the Home Office, to provide better accommodation for the increasing numbers of visitors, immigrants and illegal entrants now being held in detention at an existing unit and a number of badly overcrowded prisons.

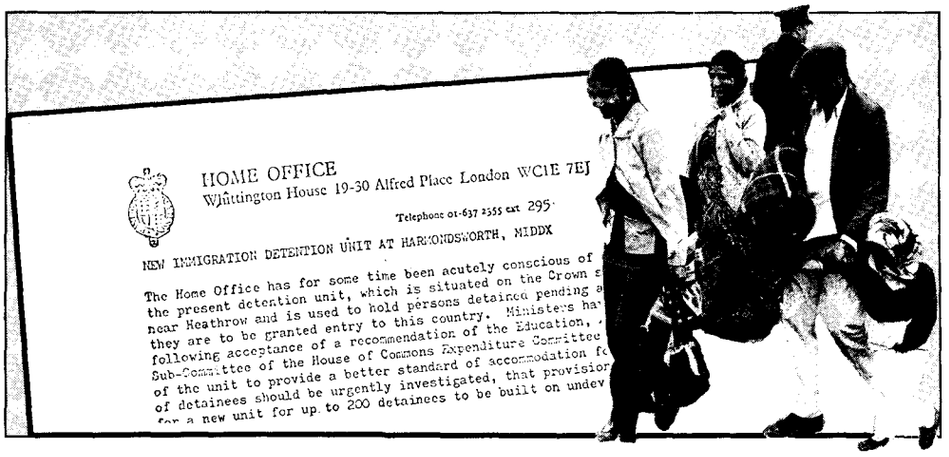
The decision to build the new centre follows a report in July 1978 by the House of Commons Select Committee on Expenditure, who examined in depth the detention of immigrants and deportees in prison and at the existing unit at Harmondsworth. Merlyn Rees, the former Home Secretary, then took the decision to press ahead with a new centre based on their recommendations. But the Home Office has got the cart before the horse, according to immigrant welfare organisations. Instead of examining the Committee's recommendations as to legitimate means of reducing the extent of immigrant detention, they have simply determined to find accommodation for the growing numbers being locked up.

Home Office memoranda in the possession of NEW STATESMAN indicate that this stems in no small part from the Home Office's attitude towards organisations who intercede or campaign on behalf of the detainees. In a note to the Treasury three months ago seeking approval for the scheme, the Immigration Department noted:

> Regrettably the ever increasing pressure from would-be settlers who do not qualify under the immigration legislation means a corresponding increase in the number who have to be refused entry. Detention ensues in a good proportion of cases because the well-organised representations of the minority communities lead to delays (because of the involvement of MPs and ministers) in reaching decisions on cases.

In other words, the Home Office seek to put the blame for the period spent in detention on the shoulders of MPs or others who intervene to try and prevent them being turfed out. They are otherwise at the mercy of the Immigration Act's bizzarre Catch-22 which allows them to appeal against a decision to keep them out – provided they go home first. Unsurprisingly, most of those who feel they have a legitimate case stay, despite the circumstances, and may be locked up for weeks or months as a result.

'Refused leave to enter' is only one of several categories of detention. Others include illegal entry, or a recommendation for deportation by a court after conviction for an offence. People so detained often unnecessarily spend substantial time in prison because of the way that the Home Office handles their cases. When a recommendation for deportation is made by a court, following a conviction, the person concerned is usually imprisoned whilst a decision is made. Yet in recent years, less than half of those recommended for deportation are actually deported, although some go voluntarily. Often too, the conviction was for a trivial offence, or did not result in a prison sentence, so that the person was imprisoned quite unreasonably for the offence.


HOME OFFICE
Whittington House 19-30 Alfred Place London WC1E 7EJ

Telephone 01-637 2555 ext 295

NEW IMMIGRATION DETENTION UNIT AT HARMONDSWORTH, MIDDX

The Home Office has for some time been acutely conscious of
the present detention unit, which is situated on the Crown
near Heathrow and is used to hold persons detained pending
they are to be granted entry to this country. Ministers ha
following acceptance of a recommendation of the Education,
Sub-Committee of the House of Commons Expenditure Committee
of the unit to provide a better standard of accommodation fo
of detainees should be urgently investigated, that provision
for a new unit for up to 200 detainees to be built on undev

In the case of illegal entrants, the numbers concerned and held have at least tripled in the last five years – not because of a new influx, but because the courts have, according to the House of Commons Committee, 'substantially widened' the definition of 'illegal entrant.' It now includes many non-clandestine entrants who are later found not to have given all the information requested from them.

Both illegal entrants and potential and actual deportees are almost invariably held in prison. Yet many of them could be released on bail by the Immigration Department, and would normally qualify to do so. A passing-the-buck exercise between the Home Office and the courts – each considering bail for potential deportees to be the other's perogative – means that many more stay in prison than need be the case. The Select Committee were particularly firm that this practice should end. But there is no evidence that the Home Office, despite its willingness to pay for a new detention centre, has acted on this, or four other points made by the Committee on ways to reduce the detainee population.

The new centre is to be built alongside the existing centre amongst a complex of government buildings at Harmondsworth, where an Immigration Service HQ, including the 37 person Intelligence Unit, is already situated. It is unclear whether the existing 'inadequate' unit holding 70 detainees will still be kept in reserve when the new centre is complete. The Home Office have apparently decided, however, despite reservations by the Select Committee and the Prison Service itself to continue with the present arrangement to have detainees kept in custody of private security guards, supplied by Securicor Ltd. This arrangement dates from before 1970, when airline carriers were required to detain people refused entry themselves, and used private firms for the job. Home Office memoranda suggest that the use of a private security firm is for reasons of cheapness; the use of Prison Service officers would mean that accommodation would have to be provided to house them.

Nine Securicor staff would guard the detainees from a Security Office which would be, according to a Home Office minute, 'the nerve centre of the whole building'. A three metre high fence 'topped off' with an intruder alarm will surround the site. The same document also notes that the site for the new centre, where detainees may be held for weeks or months 'would not normally be considered fit for residential use' because of the noise levels from aircraft using Heathrow airport nearby. A more disturbing revelation is the comment in the same minute that the accommodation is 'essentially for a third world population' – an intriguing new racialist euphemism, which appears to have replaced 'New Commonwealth and Pakistan' as the official vogue term for those who lack white skins. The centre will include 'Asian toilets' and a 'Moslem ladies room'.

There have been many complaints about the existing centre, which the Home Office acknowledges has many 'inadequacies'. Nevertheless, no-one is in any doubt that it is a great deal better than being in prison and enduring 23 hour lockups and other hardships. Anyone held in detention has to be sent to either Harmondsworth or a prison remand centre. Many are imprisoned simply because Harmondsworth is full. In a letter to the Treasury this March, the Home Office admit to 'misleading' the Select Committee on this point. The committee were told that the average occupancy of the present unit was about 45 out of 65 places, implying that there were usually 20 spare beds. The truth was that 'Harmondsworth is full to capacity for most of the peak travel season' and that surplus persons refused entry are packed off to prison. For this reason, no space is available to accommodate those potential deportees who might be considered for the centre instead of prison because of their good characters.

According to the Joint Council for the Welfare of Immigrants, who daily handle the cases of a large proportion of detainees, the Immigration service could quite safely make far greater use of its powers to allow temporary release whilst a case is considered. At present, only about 15 per cent of those refused entry are allowed temporary admission. Adoption of the Select Committee's recommendations would permit further reductions in the size of the prison population, which is normally greater than 200. 'The main argument' say JCWI, 'should be about temporary release and bail facilities', rather than solely about extensive new detention centres.

The Home Office only admit to 'considering' the report, saying that it is 'too early to comment in detail' on the new centre. Meanwhile, the Immigration Service is moving into yet another 'peak travel season' and many more non-criminals will be going to prison.

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POLITICS
Francis Wheen & Patrick Wintour

The strange case of Labour's direct elections campaign

Roll up that map of Europe

FORMER LABOUR MP David Marquand has cheekily described the current 'pact' between pro- and anti-marketeers in the Labour Party as a 'historic compromise'; but the compromise has been so long in the making, and achieved with such ill-feeling on both sides, that only a huge effort in the last week of the European election campaign will prevent the Tories from winning their second landslide election victory in the space of five weeks.

The Tory Party has its own anti-marketeers, of course, but since Ted Heath made the Tories the 'European Party' these dissenting voices have been uninfluential; and the departure of Enoch Powell robbed anti-market Tories of their only outstanding spokesman. Only 15 Tory MPs voted against the second reading of the Direct Elections Bill, compared with 72 Labour members (and many more Labour abstainers). More importantly, Labour anti-marketeers have always managed to gain a reasonable number of places in Cabinet and an even greater percentage of junior ministerial posts.

Having none of the Labour qualms about direct elections, the Tories were thus able to start preparing for the campaign as long ago as May 1976, when the National Union (the Tory Party's voluntary wing, representing local associations) issued a discussion paper which set out a framework for Euro-constituency organisation and candidate selection. Later in the summer of 1976 the Tories set up a European Standing Advisory Committee, an extension of their usual committee for selecting prospective candidates, and Marcus Fox, the committee's chairman, began interviewing would-be Euro-candidates.

During 1977, while the Direct Elections Bill was going through Parliament, the Tories suspended their campaign preparations until it was clear what form the Euro-constituencies were going to take. Meanwhile Labour had not even rolled its electoral machine on to the launching pad, let alone prepared it for take-off. Having boycotted every community institution until the referendum of summer 1975, the Labour Party at the 1976 party conference continued the dogged tone by voting against any participation in the direct elections since they were 'a commitment to greater political union'. The Left, whose resistance has failed it on many other issues, did not let Europe go. Though the Common Market Safeguards Committee felt that withdrawal was not practical politics, the Tribune Group in 1977 declared British membership of the EEC had been an 'unmitigated disaster' and added that 'the Labour movement should commit itself to take Britain out of the EEC'.

In July Labour's NEC came out against direct elections by 12 to 8. Direct elections would confer legitimacy on the European parliament, thereby reducing the power of the Council of Ministers and thus the powers of the British parliament. But in the same month of July 1977 it became obvious, after the second reading of the Direct Elections Bill, that despite Labour abstentions and rebellions parliament was going to produce a majority in favour of direct elections. At the October 1977 conference the party angrily accepted this *fait accompli*. A motion acknowledging the inevitable was passed: 'Elections are likely to take place . . . we do not wish to see the mounting feeling of dissatisfaction with the EEC go unrepresented at the Strasbourg Assembly.' But even then the involvement with Europe was ringed with caveats, for at the same time the conference heavily defeated a motion asking the party to co-operate with European socialist parties in drawing up a joint manifesto for the direct elections.

That there had been any shift at all in the party's resolute anti-Europe stance was due to a clever manoeuvre by Jim Callaghan. In a letter to Ron Hayward, the party general secretary, written just before the party conference, Callaghan invented a new form of Anglo-Saxon Gaullism. It was a strategy of rapprochement with the anti-marketeers, first outlined by David Owen in a July cabinet paper. In Callaghan's version there were six key elements on which our future in the market rested: 'Maintenance of the authority of national governments and parliaments; democratic control of community business; common policies must recognise the need for national governments to retain their economic, industrial and regional objectives; reform of the CAP; the development of community energy policy compatible with national interests.'

The letter received an enthusiastic reception from the anti-marketeers, who felt they had finally won the argument with the leadership. But in fact the letter had nuggets for everyone. Its real political intention was to defuse any vote at conference against direct elections and to delay matters generally. The mechanism for delay employed by Callaghan was a favourite of his: he promised to set up a joint NEC/Cabinet committee to look at the issue. Despite persistent pressure from the Common Market Safeguards Committee and the Bennite grouping on the National Executive, this joint committee met only twice during 1978 and then fizzled out. On pragmatic rather than thoroughgoing Gaullist grounds Callaghan continued to make angry noises about the CAP, for example during his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in the autumn of 1978 (by which time Britain's contribution to the fund was spiralling out of control), but he never made any concerted effort to resolve the difference between the pro- and anti-marketeers. One of Callaghan's difficulties was that he could not, as he normally does, rely on the deference of NEC trade unionists. Neville Hough of the GMWU, for instance, had trouble stomaching anything European.

LABOUR'S STANCE against the idea of direct elections was, in some ways, honourable and understandable. Its behaviour since the elections became a certainty is less so. The party appears to have absorbed the first part of Polonius's advice without noticing the rider:

> Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
> Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.

When it became clear that direct elections would indeed take place, the Labour Party had, effectively, two options: it could stick to its guns and provoke a confrontation with Callaghan by boycotting the elections altogether, or it could throw itself into a campaign to ensure that Britain's representatives would at least be sympathetic to Labour's position on the EEC. But the Party did neither.

In April 1978 Tony Benn and his supporters formally accepted the need for Labour to fight the elections, and implicitly did so again when they claimed and won the right to decide what went into the manifesto. They were particularly triumphant at Doug Hoyle's insertion of a clause threatening withdrawal if reforms were not made within a reasonable length of time. Benn's plan for a quick launching of the document was scotched by Callaghan after a furious row. 'The rest of Europe will interpret this as withdrawal,' Callaghan said 'and that's not the best way to get reforms.'

Callaghan then tried to reopen the issue through the PLP. Cledwyn Hughes, the PLP chairman, claimed a right for the PLP to discuss the manifesto as they had done with the general election manifesto. The NEC told them it was none of the PLP's business. Throwing a last card Callaghan demanded that the launching of the manifesto be delayed until last week after another NEC meeting. There the NEC tetchily argued over who should present the manifesto. Again Callaghan lost. He seems to have now half-deserted the campaign on the basis that if Labour is trounced the blame will rebound on the Bennites. At the launching press conference (which he left early) he pointed out moodily that he had not written the manifesto and that anyway it was irrelevant because of the Tory victory in the general election.

HAVING WON control of the direct election campaign, however, the NEC showed a remarkable unwillingness to fight it. A European Liaison Committee, consisting of members of the NEC's Home Policy Sub-Committee and International Committee, was set up under Benn's chairmanship to take responsibility for Labour's Euro-campaign. Barbara Castle suggested that it might be a good idea to include a Euro-candidate on the committee. Ron Hayward, the party's general secretary, replied that it was unthinkable for any non-member of the NEC to sit on the NEC sub-committee. Since she was the only Euro-candidate who also sat on an NEC, Barbara Castle was left with no alternative but to propose herself for membership of the liaison committee. Incredibly, despite the fact that her anti-Market record should have endeared her to the Benn faction who were running the campaign, the NEC vote was deadlocked on whether she should be co-opted to the committee; in the end it was only through the casting vote of NEC chairman Frank Allaun that she got on.

From the start, the European Liaison Committee was dominated by the 'inner clique' of Tony Benn, Eric Heffer and Joan Lestor. James Callaghan, as party leader, was automatically invited to all meetings, but has yet to attend one. Callaghan's hostility to the Bennites who have been put in charge of the campaign is shared by Labour's Euro-candidates – even though many of them are as anti-EEC as Benn himself. The candidates

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feel that, having accepted it was going to fight the elections, the party had a moral obligation to support its candidates instead of treating them as though they were somehow tarred with the dreaded Euro-brush.

Matters came to a head at a meeting of candidates in Birmingham on 12-13 May. Tony Benn – who is, after all, chairman of the committee that is supposed to be running Labour's campaign – was not there. Joan Lestor, another member of the committee, also sent her apologies. In fact the only NEC member to turn up was the much-harassed Frank Allaun (one of the few NEC members who emerges from the Euro-saga with much honour), and he found himself deluged with complaints. As one candidate put it: 'We have been treated as though we were the enemy for standing at these elections.'

The NEC's hostility was demonstrated not only by their absence from the Birmingham conference, but also by the fact that they initially refused to sanction the attendance at the conference of John Prescott (the widely respected leader of Labour's European delegation last year) and his Euro-colleagues Mark Hughes and Bob Mitchell. After considerable pressure, the NEC changed its mind. Having heard Prescott, the candidates at Birmingham unanimously decided that he should be co-opted on to the liaison committee; true to form, the liaison committee refused, and it was only at the NEC on 23 May that Barbara Castle managed to have Prescott accepted.

There are many instances of Labour's strange attitude to the 7 June elections, but one which seems especially emblematic of the party's approach is the fact that the entire Labour Party staff at Transport House took a day's holiday on Tuesday of this week – just nine days away from the election. True, there is a staff agreement that no one need work on the day after a bank holiday, but over Easter weekend (which fell three weeks before the general election) the staff worked, in the words of one, 'Good Friday, Good Monday and any other good days that were going.'

More serious has been the NEC's grudging attitude to financing the campaign. £25,000 of the party's money was put into a 'contingency fund' for the elections, but the NEC decreed that this was only to be used to cover speakers' expenses. Since only about £3,000 would be needed for that purpose, the clear intention was that the rest of the fund would remain untouched; and it was not until the NEC meeting of 23 May that the party agreed to allow the money to be used for campaigning.

The party's tight-fistedness with its own money is in marked contrast to the generosity with which it has thrown around other people's cash. The EEC Commission provided all the political groupings in the European Assembly with money to be used for 'information purposes ' in the elections; the Labour Party's share was £230,000. The NEC decided that this would pay for the party's election addresses. However, when the leaflets arrived from the printers in April it was noticed that they carried the heading 'Labour For Europe'. This smacked of support for the EEC, so the party had no hesitation in pulping all the addresses (one for every household in Britain) and ordering a new set titled 'Labour And Europe'. Estimates of the cost of this fiasco range from £25,000 to £60,000.

OVER THE YEARS the impact, if not the intent, of the British Left's campaign has been fiercely nationalistic The Left does have respectable complaints to make of the EEC but they are complaints that can yet be dealt with. The EEC has been an economic disaster for Britain (as Vera Morris's excellent LEFTA pamphlet,* published this week, shows); but the European Parliament is eager to transfer resources from agriculture to regional policy, from which Britain would benefit. Politically, far too much power rests with the permanent civil servants in Brussels who service the Council of Ministers; but it was Michael Foot, as Leader of the House, who was instrumental in not giving the EEC Scrutiny Committee in the Commons more powers. The EEC's competition and exchange policy is undoubtedly anti-socialist but, by the same token, the industrial and employment policy, the intervention in steel and shipbuilding industry (whatever the policy's faults) and the precedent set by the inquiry into Hoffman La Roche's monopolistic pricing policy may yet act as a European bulwark against the worst excesses of Thatcherism. The EEC has not finally proved itself incapable of reform.

On that basis there is still time for the Labour Party to salvage something from the debacle. There is already evidence that Transport House is, at last, raising itself from its post-election depression and beginning to fight. The final launch of the manifesto seems to have acted as a catalyst for the campaign. There may yet be time to put over a good socialist case for what's wrong with Europe.

*Available from LEFTA, 47 Roderick Road, London NW3. Price £2.

IRAN
Foreign report

Can the Left assert itself?

Strains of the clerical republic

THE VOCABULARY OF Iranian politics has a new word. After *imperialism, fascism* and *Shavinizm*, we now have *akhundizm*, a coinage based on *akhund*, the normal, often derogatory, word for a Muslim clergyman, and now being used to denote the pervasive clerical influence in the new republican system. This *akhundizm* is, of course, most immediately evident in the revival of a Muslim legal structure and practice. Alcholic drinks, available for many centuries and celebrated in so much Persian poetry, have been banned. The minimum legal age for marriage by girls has been lowered from 16 to 13 years and for boys from 18 to 15, and although the women's demonstrations in early March were successful in stopping the clergy from making the *chador* compulsory, the pressure on women to retreat from many areas of public life has increased.

The *akhunds* are the dominant figures not only in the courts trying members of the old regime, but also in the local courts that now handle other more mundane issues, and they are also at the centre of the Islamic Committees that sprang up across the land in the last days of the Bakhtiar government. *Akhundizm* may be good for the Ayatollahs and for the merchants who fund the clergy and who see in the newly-established Islamic Bank a source of credit they were denied under the Shah. But after the first 100 days of Khomeini's rule, the new Iranian regime has not seriously begun to tackle the problem of building a new post-Shah system.

The state itself is fractured into at least three parts: much of the old imperial state remains – in the civilian ministries and in the state-run financial and industrial enterprises, but also in the armed forces which, outside of Tehran, remained partly intact during the February uprising. Khomeini and Premier Bazargan have time and again appealed to the armed forces to support the regime and the Ayatollah has told junior army officers it is their duty to root out 'anti-Islamic elements' who are making trouble amongst the workers. Even officials of SAVAK, the secret police, have been allowed to take to the streets to demand their pay and, despite many demands from the public, the government has refused to publish lists of those who once worked for that dreaded organisation.

The new state system of Bazargan and his ministers appears almost powerless. National Front leader Karim Sanjabi resigned from the Foreign Ministry in protest at this debility, and Bazargan has had to rely to an extraordinary degree on returning political exiles in order to staff an administration in which the many competent internal opponents have declined to serve.

This ineffectiveness reflects, above all, the power of the Islamic Committees that have taken local power in the post-Shah vacuum. These Committees, secretive and armed, have refused to be integrated into the rest of the state structure, and illustrate in a dramatic way the potentialities for dual power in a situation of revolutionary upheaval. But this is dual power of the right, and apart from the *akhunds* they include representatives of the bazaar and criminal milieus who have been able to recruit from among the unemployed to build up their own militias. So fluid is the situation that even the Committees are unable to control another right-wing para-military force, the *Pasdaran* or Guards, who also claim to have some nation-wide presence.

Khomeini may not control these different bodies, in the sense of directing their day-to-day operations, but they speak in his name and they are part of the bazaar-clergy alliance that brought him to power. His very remoteness, as he sits in Qom eating raw onions and making vatic pronouncements, helps to prolong a situation in which no resolution of the central political issues occurs and in which the fragments of power can apparently co-exist.

The Islamic courts are the most publicised instance of this fragmented authority, since Bazargan has, despite several attempts, been unable to prevent them from functioning. Although the procedures have been condemned by many of the lawyers and politicians who opposed the Shah, it is doubtful if such scruples are widely shared, since the execution of over 200 people has reflected a wide-spread sense of retribution and vengeance after twenty-five years of dictatorship.

A very significant feature of these courts is their secretiveness. This probably reflects a

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"The corporation believes that it is unique among the bilateral and multilateral development agencies... in its high proportion of commitment to projects in the poorer countries and in the agricultural sector."

Commitments

New commitments in 1978 reached a record £59m, spread over 27 projects in 12 countries. More than 86% was in poorer countries and some 53% in renewable natural resources projects. New commitments covered production, and in most cases processing, of rubber, oil palms, sugar, citrus, agricultural seeds, beef cattle, tea, coffee and cocoa. There were also commitments to pulp and paper manufacture, large-scale industry, textiles, housing for the lower-income groups, power supply and for a number of local development companies which in turn promote and support small- and medium-sized industries.

Estimated total commitment at 31.12.78 was £379m and investments amounted to £275m.

Agriculture and poorer countries

CDC's investment strategy is directed towards helping the poorest groups in the poorer countries to earn by their own efforts the means of providing, not only the basic needs but also a surplus with which to stimulate growth through their own effective demand. In practical terms, since the mass of the poor strive to make a living on the land, CDC's commitments for the past four years have concentrated on agricultural projects.

The Corporation is now directly involved in the management or direction of 35 agricultural projects.

A flexible approach is needed in devising the most effective means of harnessing the benefits of modern agricultural technology and rural-orientated management skills with the potential of the rural population, whose main asset is their labour and their inherent wish to better themselves. CDC strives to reproduce well-tried methods which have proved successful in existing projects, but it is nevertheless constantly seeking new and improved methods to meet the particular circumstances and to ensure that the technologies used are appropriate to the project.

CDC is among the small minority of bilateral agencies which do not tie their money to goods and services from their own countries and whose capital contribution may be used for local as well as offshore costs.

1978 results

Despite the difficult economic circumstances in many of the countries in which CDC operates, the financial results fulfilled the requirements of the Corporation's Charter and may be regarded as satisfactory. A surplus of £6.60m was appropriated to General Reserve after charging administration costs, Treasury interest, provision against book value of projects and taxation.

CDC's Annual Report and Statement of Accounts 1978 is available from Government Bookshops and HMSO Government Publications Agents, Price £3.

CDC

Commonwealth Development Corporation

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desire to establish a certain fear and authority among the population (a desire also evident in the use of the term *Comite* which was that used by the main SAVAK interrogation centre in Tehran) and partly a concern that those on trial might point out some embarrassing connections between the old regime and those serving in the present government or sitting on the prosecutor's bench.

Of much more significance as far as most Iranians are concerned, and as far as Khomeini's continuing legitimacy is concerned, is the faltering ecomomy. Though oil output is said to be up to 4 million barrels a day, most manufacturing plants have closed, for lack of raw materials or components, and there are between one and three million unemployed in the streets. The workers committees that have sprung up in many towns are all too often presiding over idle plants but political pressure has ensured a temporary system of state welfare relief through giving credit for wages to the factories concerned. Iran's economy was especially vulnerable to disruption, given its precarious dependence on oil, and no amount of promises from Bazargan or the Ayatollah will indefinitely postpone popular resentment if a solution to the economic standstill is not found.

The left, although able to put tens of thousands of people into the streets, is on the defensive in this situation of rising tension. The right is blaming the left for all the current problems and dozens of members of the Fedayin, the 'Marxist-Leninist' guerrillas, have already been abducted without trace by the Islamic Committees. Whilst the Tudeh or Communist Party is uncritically supporting Khomeini the other left organisations — the Fedayin, the Mojahidin guerrillas and the National Democratic Front – are taking up a position critical of the Bazargan government whilst hoping that they can win time to gain support. They are conscious that they could become the objects of a murderous assault from the emboldened Islamic right, but hope that, if they can hold on, the appeals of *akhundizm* may begin to fade.

OIL
Mary Holland

The amazing revelations of the Bantry Bay enquiry

Why 50 people died

IN THE EARLY hours of Monday, 8 January, 50 people were killed when the French oil tanker *Betelgeuse* exploded close to the Gulf Oil terminal at Whiddy Island in Bantry Bay, off the south west coast of Ireland. The *Betelgeuse* was berthed at a jetty situated about 1500 feet from the main terminal and accessible only by boat or rubber life rafts.

The tanker exploded at 1.08 a.m. Later, on the same day, the Irish Premier, Jack Lynch, expressed himself satisfied that Gulf had done everything possible to deal with the disaster and commented, 'No matter what the level of expertise, inexplicable tragedies will occur.' He also expressed the hope that the company would continue to operate in Bantry Bay since it was of vital economic importance to the area. Talking to reporters, also on 8 January, the manager of the Gulf Oil terminal, Don Ashe, was even more emphatic. The standards which Gulf operated at Whiddy, he claimed, were higher than those of many oil terminals in Europe and the Middle East. Many tanker captains complained that the strict Whiddy management were 'a pain in the ass'.

For the past three weeks a tribunal of inquiry, headed by a former Irish Attorney General, Declan Costello, and aided by a panel of distinguished international experts, has been finding out exactly how fastidious Gulf's standards were at its Whiddy terminal at the time of the *Betelgeuse* disaster. There have been times when the foreign assessors, notably Dr Hugh Black, a former Home Office explosives inspector who has emerged as one of the heroes of the proceedings, seem to have found it difficult to believe their own ears. It was Dr Black who in the early days of the hearing took a local fireman, Mr Thomas Muckley, through what he descibed as 'a chapter of accidents' on the night of the disaster. Mr Muckley told of arriving on Whiddy Island by boat to find that the Gulf fire engine would not start, that two landrovers needed to transport firefighting equipment would not start either, that when the equipment was finally transferred to a truck this also would not start and had to be towed across the island. Another witness told the tribunal that the list of telephone numbers of Gulf personnel to be contacted in case of emergency, pinned to the wall of the local telephone exchange, dated from 1970 and that five of the six names were out of date. A local fire chief said there was no hotline between the Gulf terminal and himself and that he first heard of a fire raging at sea when one of his own firemen came to his house to wake him. Another fireman told of waiting 20 minutes for a boat to take himself and other people, including two doctors, to the island.

BUT ALL THIS was small beer compared with the evidence of Gulf's own employees and in particular that of Mr John Connolly, who was on duty in the control room on Whiddy Island on the night of the tragedy. Ever since the disaster occurred there has been a dramatic conflict between the story as told by local people and as told by Gulf. Numerous eyewitnesses, including senior police officers, firemen, local journalists and others have put the start of the fire which preceded the explosion that broke the tanker in two at between 12.30 and 12.45 a.m. Gulf Oil's story has been that there was no sign of anything wrong (and no safety measures put into operation) until 12.55 a.m. when Mr Connolly heard a creaking noise. This was followed by a small fire on the *Betelguese* and this in turn, about ten minutes later at 1.08 a.m., by the explosion.

Any attempts which have been made to discover where the truth lies between these two accounts by concerned parties like trades unions, lawyers representing relatives of the dead and of course, journalists, have been frustrated by the fact that Gulf has not allowed Mr Connolly or its other employees to talk about the accident. What has come out at the inquiry is that for a considerable amount of that time Mr Connolly seems to have been talking to, or been talked at by Gulf Oil lawyers, English and American. Last Monday, after 14 hours in the witness box, Mr Connolly was taken through a kind of summary of his evidence by the indefatigable Dr Black. He admitted that three separate safety checks carried out on firefighting equipment at Whiddy during the month before the accident showed that several important pieces of equipment were not working and had not been repaired between checks. A check on 18 December 1978 revealed that the main diesel pump on the jetty was defective, that the foam sprinkler system which was meant to flood the jetty platform in the event of a fire was not working, and that the foam tender was out of order. The same check showed that a Coventry pump was not working and that the alarm siren on the jetty was out of order. Mr Connolly also agreed that he had forgotten to sound the special Gulf alarm signal to alert fire brigades in the surrounding district, and revealed that the life rafts – only means of escape from the jetty – had never been tested.

Gulf is now engaged in a legal battle with Total Navigation, the French company which owned the *Betelgeuse*, to try and recover an estimated £30m which will almost certainly have to be paid out in compensation. As one of Gulf's executives put it, 'The action is not something we are taking with pleasure. We had a terrible tragedy. But we have to face one fact of life – business is business.' But the issue of safety at Whiddy had been raised long before the *Betelgeuse* disaster. On at least two occasions in recent years Irish trades unions have complained of falling standards and said they would not be tolerated elsewhere.

THE TERMINAL WAS originally built in 1968 to handle and store crude oil being transported from the Middle East in supertankers. Gulf Oil acquired the original site for an estimated £100,000 and during the ten years of its operation there has paid no tonnage or harbour dues. During the first five boom years at Whiddy the terminal made profits for Gulf in the region of £40m. During that time the company paid out £35,000 in rates and foreshore rents.

If the Harbour Authority had had any powers it might now be able to cast light on the crucial question of how and why the jetty at which the *Betelgeuse* was berthed was not connected to the island terminal. In the original plans for the terminal the jetty could be reached by a bridge. But this was removed to allow more tankers to move in and out, and to berth on both sides of the jetty. In the days immediately after the accident there were reports of men running up the jetty screaming for a boat to rescue them. There was also the last call of Captain Warner from the *Betelgeuse,* made at 1.20 a.m., asking for searchlights to be beamed on himself and other crew members as they tried to escape.

It has become clear that while companies like Gulf and Total are well able to look after themselves and if necessary to scalp each other, the Irish Government has been ill-equipped to deal with them. For years Ireland's industrial strategy has been built on offering the kind of concessions given to Gulf Oil to other multinationals. The argument is that multinationals mean jobs. But there is growing concern that jobs are being bought with far too little thought.

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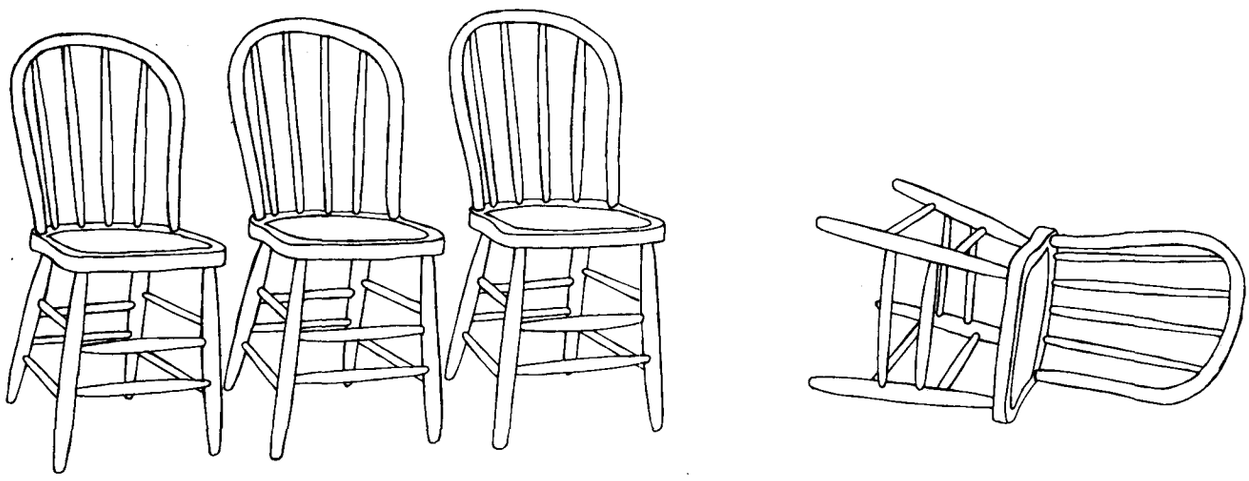

Musical chairs.

Like other industrial countries, Britain is suffering from oil shortages. Not as spectacularly as some parts of the US; but Mobil and the other oil companies in Britain *are* having to limit deliveries.

Why?

Because, since the revolution in Iran, the world's been playing musical chairs. In deadly earnest.

The revolution virtually halted Iranian oil production for four months. The music stopped, and the oil-consuming nations found there wasn't enough oil to go around. Worse still, Europe was facing an unusually cold winter.

The result: an unholy scramble for whatever oil was available.

Demand rose, prices rose — and stocks ran down.

Which has left the world's safety margins now uncomfortably narrow.

Iran is only exporting about half as much oil as it used to; and others are not making up all the difference. World demand is still rising, so this version of musical chairs has a double bind: fewer chairs *and* more players.

North Sea oil doesn't give Britain a guaranteed seat. We can't yet produce enough to be self-sufficient, and in any case our refineries couldn't operate on North Sea crude alone. So we still have to buy and sell on world markets.

Even so, we *can* help ourselves.

For long-term security, we have to continue the search for more oil.

Meanwhile, we can stretch supplies by using substitute fuels where possible; and concentrating oil on the uses for which it's indispensable, such as transport fuel. That's why Mobil is spending £150 million on plant to make more petrol from every barrel of crude.

But right now, the most pressing need is to conserve energy. It makes no sense to squander our limited supplies.

If restricted deliveries mean a Mobil dealer has to stand you up, it's frustrating for everyone concerned.

But if we all keep our heads, we'll have a better chance of keeping our seats.

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Getting the DC-10 under control

The real reason for the Chicago crash, and the present state of the DC-10's safety record: PAUL EDDY, ELAINE POTTER and BRUCE PAGE * report.

WHEN AN AIRLINER CRASHES, trusty reflexes assume command in newspaper and television offices. Swiftly, some slight component – pin, tube or cable – is produced, and illuminated as the author of disaster. And last week's crash at Chicago, making the McDonnell Douglas DC-10 into a kind of grisly record-holder among modern commercial aircraft, evoked a classic response. According to the *Daily Mail,* 200 tons of aeroplane and 273 people had come to ruin because of fracture in a bolt 'the size of a man's finger'.

Two desires are satisfied thus. Pop media like drama along for-want-of-a-nail-the-kingdom-was-lost lines. And – assuming 'human error' cannot be blamed – the aerospace industry prefers any account of an accident which avoids the idea that large, systematic deficiencies might exist in any of the costly machines it builds. But this time, the pretence collapsed quite rapidly. True, the US Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) began with a mild demand that all DC-10s be checked over for the state of their engine-pylon flutter-bolts. These are indeed no larger than a man's finger, but considerably easier to replace, and operators throughout the world – including our own Freddie Laker – were eager to display themselves complying.

Then, four days after the crash, came a thunderbolt. Brusquely the FAA ordered all DC-10s grounded, pending complete examination of the pylon structures which hold their wing engines in place. Evidence of metal fatigue was so grave as to leave the Administrator 'no choice'. Surely it was now clear, we asked the FAA office in Chicago, that they were worried about something more than a bolt? 'We are worried about the whole airplane', said Mr. Neil Callaghan bluntly.

ABOUT TIME, some might say. When a Turkish DC-10 crashed outside Paris in 1974, killing its largely British complement of 346 people, there was the same initial concentration on small bits of metal; there, an ill-designed lock which let a cargo-door blow out. But the Paris plane did not die because of a lost door, any more than the Chicago plane died because an engine fell off – undesirable, aeronautically, as either event must be. Lethality arose each time because catastrophic loss of control followed from the failure of a component which was not in itself essential.

An engine from the American Airlines' DC-10 lies in the foreground as rescue workers flag spots where bodies have been found north west of Chicago's O'Hare airport.

Associated Press

At Paris, loss of the door depressurised the cargo-hold at 12,000 feet: high-pressure air in the passenger-cabin above collapsed the floor between the two compartments. The hydraulic power and control lines running from cockpit to tail are carried under the floor in a DC-10, and they were immediately severed.

At Chicago, similar ends followed from other beginnings. Pylon-mounted engines (as our drawing shows) are slung below and ahead of a wing: the weight of the whole assembly being fixed to the wing in the DC-10, about half-way back along the join, by a tough group of vertical bolts called the 'tombstone'. Of course the engine, thrusting forward, tries to swing upon the tombstone, and will pitch up over the wing unless restrained by other fastenings at the rear.

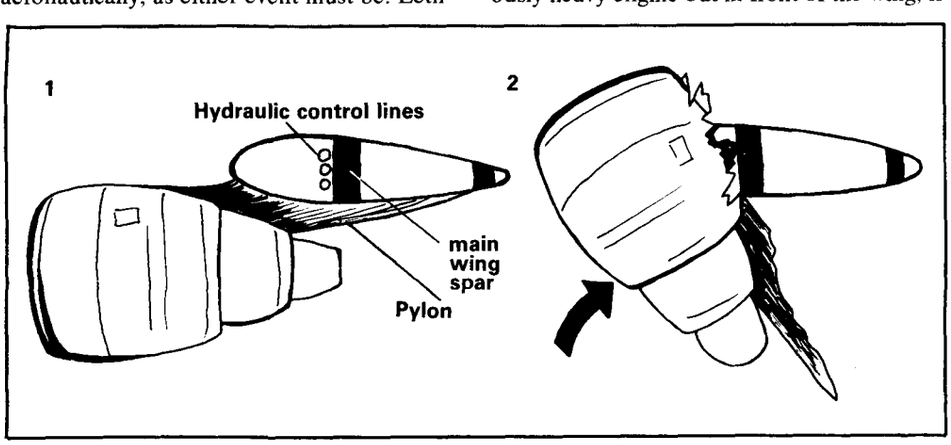
But the pylon assembly, holding an enormously heavy engine out in front of the wing, is also apt to 'flutter' from side to side as the engine pours out its fifteen tons and more of thrust. These movements are restrained by horizontal bolts, or pins at the point where the pylon joins the leading-edge of the wing. One of them broke away from the No. 1 (left-hand) engine pylon as American Airlines Flight 191 passed the 8,000-yard mark in its take-off run last Friday.

Flutter would have built up quickly with the engine at take-off power, and within seconds the vertical bolts at the rear of the pylon snapped. The engine tore loose, pitched over the top of the wing, and fell away. The DC-10 was just lifting off the runway: the point at which the second pilot, watching the instruments, calls out 'VR' to the captain. (On this occasion he said, 'VR-damn', after which the cockpit voice-recorder is blank.)

AIRLINE SPOKESMEN have been swift to explain that loss of one power-source need not prevent a three-engined plane from taking-off safely – which is true enough. They have been less ready to explain why the DC-10 should nonetheless have crashed. But inquiries with crash investigators suggest that it happened because, as the engine reared up (see drawing), it wrecked the control lines carried on the front of the wing's mainspar. Their vital hydraulic pressure can be vented as readily there as under the cabin floor, just as human artery-systems may be opened with deadly effect in many places. Without hydraulic power a big jet is uncontrollable.

The crew must have been quite helpless as the DC-10 climbed for a few crazy seconds, rolled and then smashed into the ground.

Only detailed investigation will show whether loss of *all* control was inevitable. But already there are questions to be raised about the relative vulnerability of the DC-10.



Once metal fatigue allows the DC-10 engine pylon to fail – as at Chicago – the engine at take-off power pitches up over the wing, wrecking vital control lines on the way.

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Associated Press

Human remains at Chicago

According to the FAA, urgent inspection has shown evidence of serious metal fatigue not just in 'finger-sized' flutter-bolts, but elsewhere in the pylon (for a time the grounding directive extended to all US examples of the European A-300B Airbus, which uses similar engines mounted somewhat similarly.) So far, however, there has been no directive against the other 'jumbos' – the Boeing 747, and the Lockheed Tristar, which is the DC-10's direct but so far unfavoured rival in the marketplace. Both use pylon engines, but apparently without exhibiting dangerous metal-fatigue. Both have the hydraulic lines in their wings mounted *aft* of the main spar – safer, if it is assumed that impacts will generally come from the front. And, perhaps more important, both have four independent hydraulic systems where the DC-10 carries only three.

The safety of an aircraft is largely about having defences in depth: comparison after Paris showed that both the Tristar and 747 had deeper defences against floor collapse (indeed, the 747's controls were almost immune to such an event), and so far the evidence from Chicago reinforces the message.

SO, IN TWO disasters the DC-10 has killed 617 passengers and crew. In addition, the debris from the Chicago crash wiped out two bystanders, and, in November 1973, one passenger fell 39,000 feet to his death after being forced out of a cabin window which was shattered by shrapnel from a disintegrating engine. All of which means that the DC-10 has proved almost twice as lethal as its three wide-bodied competitors *put together*: the European Airbus has so far killed no one; the Lockheed Tristar killed 99 people in Florida in 1972; and the Boeing 747's toll is 371 from two crashes, one in Nairobi, the other near Bombay. (Our calculations leave aside the March 1977 Tenerife tragedy which resulted in 575 deaths. Since that was caused solely by the decision of the pilot of one 747 to take off while another 747 was still on the runway, the blame can hardly be laid at Boeing's door.)

Of course, to truly compare the lethality of rival aircraft one has normally to take into account various factors – the numbers of each aircraft in service, the total of hours flown, the number of take-offs, and so on. Hence, it is not easy to make a valid comparison between the Tristar and the 747: Lockheed's plane has killed fewer people but there are twice as many 747s which have racked up millions more miles. Equally, the Airbus has a virginal record but then, as a comparatively scarce newcomer, so it should.

No statistics can, however, save the DC-10's performance from being outstandingly bad, not because of the number of its disasters, but their nature. Most aircraft accidents result from an unhappy conjunction of human error, bad weather and, perhaps, sloppy design of a control or an instrument, and that applies, in some measure, to all the 747/Tristar crashes. But twice now a DC-10 has fallen out of a clear blue sky because of catastrophic control failure which left the pilots helpless. And there have been, at the very least, two near disasters which but for grace would have pushed the DC-10 toll to well beyond 800.

In June 1972, in an incident which clearly foreshadowed the Paris tragedy, an American Airlines DC-10 lost a rear cargo door over Windsor, Ontario. The passenger cabin floor collapsed, severing most of the control cables, and only the fact that the aircraft was lightly loaded – and the considerable skill of the pilot – saved the lives of the 67 people on board.

Then, in November 1975, 139 people barely escaped when one engine of their Overseas National DC-10 blew up during the take-off run at Kennedy Airport, New York. The pilot managed to pull up before the end of the runway, although yet another hydraulic failure robbed the plane of 50 per cent of its braking power. The undercarriage collapsed and the fuselage was engulfed in flames; by great fortune the passengers were all airline employees, practised in evacuation procedures, and no one was seriously hurt.

The investigations into these two accidents left deeply worried men. After Windsor, an engineer named Applegate – who worked for a DC-10 sub-contractor – wrote his now famous memorandum predicting that cargo doors would open, cabin floors would collapse and '... I would expect this to usually result in the loss of the airplane'. Post-New York, the investigators for the National Transportation Safety Board came to the conclusion that the DC-10 engine was 'susceptible to catastrophic failure'. It is hard to say how much those worries permeated the McDonnell Douglas boardroom. It is easier to see how, since the day the plane was conceived, an abiding concern there has been whether the DC-10 might support itself not only aerodynamically, but financially.

AND INDEED THE DC-10 was born out of one of the most savage marketing conflicts in civil-aviation history. In the sixties it became clear that big fan-jet engines would make possible a new generation of 'wide-bodied' air-buses, and Boeing established a commanding lead in the long-haul section of that market with the remarkable 747. Two ailing firms were left to struggle for the medium-haul business: Lockheed, which was trying to return to the civil market after years of over-dependence on defence, and Douglas, once the world's greatest builders of commercial aircraft, reduced to chaos and penury by the eccentricities of its founding-family.

Douglas was taken over by the aggressive military-aircraft builders McDonnell, and late in 1967 the new McDonnell Douglas Corporation announced that it was going to try to catch up on the lead of nearly one year that Lockheed had established in the race to get order for a three-engined airbus. This was a contest of 'paper aircraft', in which both sides made larger and larger promises: when Lockheed slashed their price by a million dollars a plane, McDonnell Douglas countered with a half-million cut, and other attractions. Neither firm had decided which make of engine to favour for its theoretical airliner, so rival engine manufacturers entered the field with further promises to airframe firms and airline companies alike. What nobody really expected – or wanted – was that both paper planes would actually be built. For to get both Lockheed and Douglas into profit with actual projects would require 500 tri-jets to be sold. For a moment it seemed that the Lockheed Tristar, fuelled with British government help through the Rolls-Royce connection, might have a decisive lead in orders. But then United, the largest airline in the western world, chose McDonnell Douglas's DC-10. Thus, the paper-chase had been inconclusive: both aircraft would have to be built, with survival likely to go to the firm that got its machine into airline service before the other.

Under McDonnell management, the motto at the old Douglas works became FLY BEFORE THEY ROLL: that is, have the DC-10 flying before the Tristar could even be rolled out of its hangar. And not only did they wipe out Lockheed's initial lead: they produced the DC-10 some nine months earlier. Nobody seriously doubts that this remarkable performance was a major factor in the DC-10's superior market performance, and there are now 274 DC-10s in service compared to 163 Tristars. McDonnell Douglas are into profit with the DC-10, while Lockheed still have a long and weary way to go.

But the promise of the new, big jets was that they might be safer than any aircraft seen before: and it may be doubted whether McDonnell Douglas allowed enough time for all the technologies to mature that could make that promise true. Three hydraulic systems, unlike four, meant no real step forward from previous aircraft (with far fewer lives on board). Notoriously, McDonnell Douglas designed a highly-inadequate system of cargo-door locks. What is still too little known is the firm's inability to perceive the danger-signals which were produced in design, testing and early service, and which pointed to the vulnerability of the control-system.

Casual inspection shows that the DC-10's central engine is stuck up above the fuselage: in some respects, a simpler solution than building the engine into the fuselage, as with other tri-jets. But more subtly, rudder-power is sacrificed, with potentially awkward consequences for directional and lateral control, especially at take-off. Both the 747 and the Tristar could claim, in some respects, to include substantial and wholly-new safety-features: in the case of the DC-10, for all the commercial success attending it, there do not seem to be many improvements upon its smaller and simpler predecessors.

Under the FAA's new dispensation, even those DC-10s which have passed their pylon-fatigue examination will have to be re-checked every 100 flying-hours (or 10 days, if that is sooner). Meanwhile, Lloyd's members are bracing themselves for claims of perhaps $100 million in compensation for the lives of the latest casualties, and the investigation into the nature of the DC-10 continues.

**Eddy, Potter and Page were joint authors of* Destination Disaster *(Granada Publishing, 1976) which resulted from a two year investigation into the Paris DC-10 crash of 1974.*

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A vindication of belief

PAUL JOHNSON explains how Christianity defied the sceptics

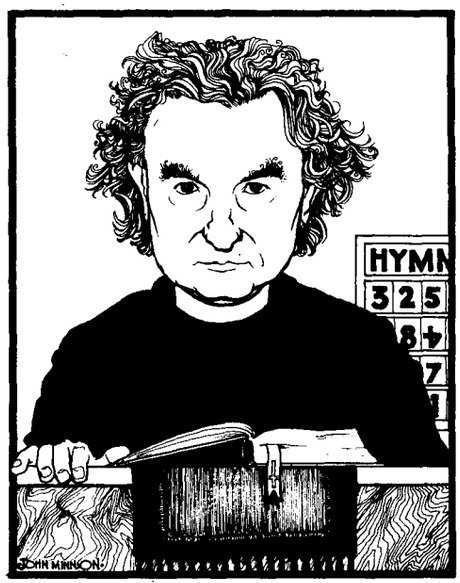
NEAR THE CITY OF LUXOR, the Egyptian police recently found the bones of a 35-year-old Canadian lady, who had disappeared two years before. She had stumbled into a deep labyrinth of archaeological diggings, 16 feet below the surface; and, unable to escape, had died of thirst and hunger. Before she did so, however, she described on a postcard what had happened to her, and added that she was preparing herself for death. This pitiful tale, lit up as it is by the calm resolution with which the woman faced lonely and terrible extinction, underlines the awesome continuity of human attitudes. For it was near Luxor, more than 2,000 years before Christ, that the theologians of Thebes first clarified the concept of individual death and judgment.

Preparation for death is a commentary on the notion that life is a mere prelude, and death itself no more than a judicial gate through which we must pass. This notion is perhaps the most powerful and indestructible idea ever conceived by man. What implanted it in the first place is not immediately obvious, for immortality does not flow from any process of reasoning from the facts of nature – on the contrary. But once grasped, the idea has enormous strength and leads mankind to impose upon itself dolorous disciplinary systems. As Albert Camus puts it, in *The Myth of Sisyphus*: 'The certainty of God giving meaning to life far surpasses in attractiveness the freedom to behave badly with impunity.'

The strength of Christianity, derived in part, but only in part, from its Judaic origins, lies in its chrystaline eschatology: its notions of death, judgement, hell and heaven were proclaimed with absolute clarity, and superb self-confidence, from the start. St Bede, in his *Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, relates the speech of one of King Edwin's earls, when Paulinus first proposed Christianity to the Northumbrian court. The earl compared life to the flight of a sparrow, in winter, through the king's hall, from icy darkness into light, and then into darkness again: 'This life of man appears for a short space, but of what went before and what is to follow, we know nothing. If, therefore, this new teaching gives us certitudes, we should follow it.'

Of course the appeal of Christianity is more obvious in periods when secular knowledge cannot offer alternative explanations or theories. The paganism of the Northumbrian earl was very uncertain about what followed death, as are most paganisms and (to a lesser degree) most imperial religions. The earl wanted to know; did not know; and recognised that he did not know. He embraced the new religion because it answered what to him (and to it) was the most important question: what happens after death? He did not enquire whether it had a theory of land-tenure, or views on slavery or a distinctive attitude to jurisprudence, though in fact it had all three. He, and the missionary Paulinus, were agreed that such things were secondary. Christianity stood or fell by its spiritual teaching.

INDEED, IT IS PRECISELY because it is so



confident and consistent about its eschatology that Christianity can afford to be protean about more mundane matters. Its basic texts provide a glittering variety of matrices and options, insights and guidelines, enough for a host of rival social and political theorists to live upon. Edward Norman, in his Reith Lectures, was wrong to suggest that the current 'politicisation' of Christianity, against which he justly complains, is new. The church has always been in politics. The early Christians expanded the old charitable trusts of the Jewish diaspora from which they chiefly sprang. They ran a miniature welfare state in an empire which for the most part lacked social services. The Emperor Julian, seeking to revive paganism in the 4th century, asked the imperial high priests: 'Why do we not observe that it is in their benevolence to strangers, their care for the graves of the dead, and the apparent holiness of their lives that they have done most to increase atheism?' (ie, Christianity). He thought it 'disgraceful that, when no Jew ever has to beg, and the impious Galileans support not only their own poor, but ours as well, everyone can see that our people lack aid from us'. From the writings of Tertullian we learn that the social doctrine of persecuted Christianity was essentially 'from each according to ability, to each according to need'; all contributed when they were able, and he lists the urban poor, shipwrecked sailors, orphans, elderly slaves and convicts among what he calls 'the pensioners of their confession'. He quotes the pagans as saying 'How these Christians love one another!'

This notion of voluntary charity was, and is, essential to Christian ethics. But the church harboured other social and political ideas, not always so willingly. It was crowded with antinomians, wild men (and women), whose interpretation of the scriptures led them into various forms of zealotry. Most were political radicals, and if they became too strident they were branded as heresiarchs. Such modern aberrations as 'liberation theology' and 'ethical violence' should be seen as contemporary echoes of ancient heterodoxes. Sometimes the church found it difficult to draw the disciplinary line. The Donatists, who were populist opponents of the ruling urban oligarchies, slipped over it into heresy. So did Pelagius, whose emphasis on free will led him to support self-determination for the barbarians. On the other hand, St Augustine, who spent his life trying to shake off the persistent dualism which he retained from his early Manichee beliefs, just remained within orthodox limits. The capacity of Christianity to contain and enrich itself from divergent political doctrines has been very great: it would be difficult to conceive of two more contrasting attitudes to the conduct of affairs than those of the triumphalist Innocent III and St Francis of Assisi. In fact they were able to work together because both recognised that Christianity was not primarily about canon law or the relief of the urban poor, important though such matters were, but about that little gate to eternity.

But what if the future vision is false? The church has often survived being discovered on the 'wrong' side of a political equation. But if its theory of death is wrong, it is nothing. That theory necessarily rests on the notion of a benevolent and omnipotent deity; and to believe in such a being has always presented difficulties. In strict terms it is impossible to prove the existence of God; impossible to disprove it either. Using Aristotelian logic, medieval metaphysicians produced various 'proofs', of which the ontological argument of St Anselm was the neatest. But Kant was able to dispose of St Anselm without much difficulty, and I doubt if anyone ever really turned to metaphysics to validate his faith. Instead people conceived images of God; images based upon their own readings of the scriptures, and on the concepts of artists and divines. Such pictures of God are of their time and place and, being so, become out of date. Then the cry goes up: 'God is dead.'

BUT GOD IS ALWAYS DYING. Atheism is not an unrepeatable event but a recurring phenomenon. God dies but somehow never gets buried. In the second half of the 19th century the rapid progress of natural science produced an acute attack of deicide. There was an event known as the 'secularisation of the European mind', a process which Dr Owen Chadwick, in an entertaining course of lectures, has shown was neither so straightforward nor so conclusive as we had supposed. The 'crisis of religion', if that is the right expression, is more than a century old. We think of ourselves as tossed in a sea of doubt; but the supposedly placid mid-Victorians felt no less giddy and insecure. 'My belief,' wrote Cardinal Manning to Gladstone in 1871, 'is that faith is gone . . . morals are going . . . The end of this must be anarchy or despotism.' 'Our own,' wrote John Morley in 1874, 'is characteristically and cardinally an epoch of transition in the very foundations of belief and conduct.' Frederick Harrison described his loss of faith as 'but one case of the dreadful anarchy in which we live' (1863); and six years later: 'There is abroad a strange consciousness of doubt, instability and incoher-

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ence.' People, said Morley, had the 'hurried, uneasy mien' of those who live 'amid earthquakes . . . all is doubt, hesitation and shivering expectancy'.

Yet it is an illusion that 'progress' and 'secularisation' inevitably go hand in hand. Such was the fear of Pio Nono; and, at the other end of the spectrum, the hope of Holyoake and Bradlaugh. But progress has always been a two-edged sword. In the 16th century printing led to the expansion of faith, as well as its contraction. While the scientists of the 1850s and 1860s were forcing theologians to reconsider Genesis, the new railways were reviving the mass-pilgrimages of the Middle Ages and so re-establishing the Ultramontain papacy – just as, today, cheap jet-flights have universalised the journey to Mecca and rekindled the fervour of Islam.

LOOKING BACK from the vantage point of 1979, we find it is the slogans of the anti-Christians that have worn badly. 'Theological religion', wrote Voltaire in 1764, 'is the enemy of mankind.' I doubt if anyone thinks that today. In *The Martyrdom of Man* Winwood Reade insisted that 'the destruction of Christianity is essential to the interests of civilisation'. Who would now agree with him? Renan laid down that history could prove 'beyond possibility of contradiction' that Christianity was not 'a supernatural fact'. We still await such evidence. The more positive statements of the Victorian atheists stand up no better. Thus, Karl Vogt: 'Thoughts come out of the brain as gall from the liver, or urine from the kidneys.' Jakob Moleshott: 'No thought without phosphorus.' Huxley said that the thoughts he was uttering were 'the expression of molecular changes in my body'. Tyndall believed that all of life was 'once latent in a fiery cloud'. Taine said 'Man is a spiritual automation . . . Vice and virtue are products like sugar and vitriol.' Littré, in his dictionary (1858) defined 'soul' as 'anatomically, the sum of functions of the neck and spinal column' and 'physiologically, the sum of functions of the power of perception in the brain'. Haeckel, by contrast, asserted 'We now know that . . . the soul [is] a sum of plasma-movements in the ganglion-cells.' All these men were highly-respected intellectuals in their time.

Atheism, as a doctrinal movement to which people committed themselves, seems to us now to have had the aspects of a quasi-religious sect. Secularist or humanist groups aimed for respectability rather than mass-support and operated like independent chapels, with lectures instead of preachers. Like the first Christians, they flourished when persecuted. They expanded under the impact of blasphemy prosecutions and contracted when the authorities ceased to bother. They 'peaked' in the 1880s, as did most forms of Church-going; thereafter their decline was steady and ultimately catastrophic.

One difficulty lay in the unwillingness to relinquish the notion of a deity, or at any rate some personified causal force; another in the inability to agree on a label. The rational Christians of the 17th and 18th centuries could share God the Artificer with the deists. Paine, who still believed in a god of sorts, renamed him the Almighty Lecturer – not an attractive concept. Comte rejected God but replaced him with the Great Entity or the Great Cosmical Life. Spencer thought in terms of the Great Unknowable; Wells of the Unknown Implacable; Hardy of the Imbecile Jester:

EFFORTS TO DEVISE A FAITH comformable to reason which could fill the hole left by the expulsion of Christianity met shipwreck when they attempted to round the cape of death. Paine thought those who did good in life 'will be happy thereafter' and that 'the very wicked' would 'meet with some kind of punishment'. As for the rest – the majority, one was left to infer – those 'who are so very insignificant both in character and conduct as not to be worth the trouble of damning or saving, or of raising from the dead', they would 'be dropped entirely'.

This notion of paradise as a kind of celestial party attended only by ethical and intellectual lions was repeated, in a slightly more sophisticated form, by Comte. His positivist religion, though in theory based solely on notions susceptible of empirical proof, or 'the sacred science of humanity', was in fact a weird form of metaphysics. God was replaced by the Great Entity, the collective sum of worthy humanity. Comte's *Positivist Catechism* states that human parasites, those not 'sufficiently assimilable, or only a burden on the species' – mere *producteurs de fumier* (dung-producers) as he put it – had only a transitory existence. By contrast, benefactors of humanity might be provisionally united to the Great Entity even during their lifetimes (like the deification of rulers in Hellenistic times) and when dead went to swell the divine collectivity. To forget what we owed our predecessors was blasphemy. Hence Comte compiled a calendar of secular saints, and devised rites and pilgrimages to honour them. But one of the risks in inventing a new religion is that you find people have been there before. In all essentials, Positivism turned out to be another form of ancestor-worship; its belief in collective survival had been held by the ancient Egyptians in the 3rd millenium BC, and later discarded by them as unsatisfactory.

Yet for a time Positivism was the faith of the rationalist elite. Formidable thinkers like George Eliot found its claims superior to any form of Christianity. What attracted them (like the Northumbrian earl) was the terrific self-confidence with which Comte produced the 'scientific laws' of history: 'According to the very nature of the human intellect, every branch of our knowledge must necessarily pass . . . through three different theoretical states: the theological or fictitious state, the metaphysical or abstract state, and finally the scientific or positivist state.' Hence every human being was 'a theologian in his infancy, a metaphysician in his youth, and a physicist in his manhood'. To the end of his life, J. S. Mill thought Comte's analysis of history would never be superceded. He himself spent 20 years working out a system of ethics which corresponded with such an analysis, and the demands of evolution. Other leading intellectuals favoured 'Social Darwinism'. Huxley, who thought 'the rules of conduct are discoverable – like any other so-called Laws of Nature – by observation or experiment', invented a life science called 'eubiotics'.

The trouble with these science-based systems of belief was that they inevitably tied themselves to a transient view of nature; their god got out of date and died too. The 'advanced thinkers' of the 19th century both overestimated and underestimated the potentialities of science. Comte offered as an example of unattainable knowledge the chemical composition of the stars; the conventional scientific wisdom was that atoms were immutable and to suppose otherwise was alchemy; but it also assumed that natural science advanced by a series of steadily improving approaches to the truth. Few grasped that the new knowledge would progressively raise as many problems as it solved. Thus the new 'alternative religions' were founded on illusion, and their pathology underlined Newman's claim in *The Idea of a University*: 'True religion is slow in growth and, when once planted, is difficult of dislodgement; but its intellectual counterfeit has no root in itself; it springs up suddenly, it suddenly withers.' Comte ended up reading *The Imitation of Christ*, while his followers splintered under the impact of *odium theologicum*; Wells, a great peddler of science-based systems in his day, spent the last year of his life painting a mural depicting evolution on the wall behind his house in Hanover Terrace: the final panel showed horned devils, and beneath Man he wrote: 'Time to go'.

The only one of these alternative religions to survive (so far) is Marxism, thanks to its adoption as a state faith. It was close to Positivism in that it analysed history according

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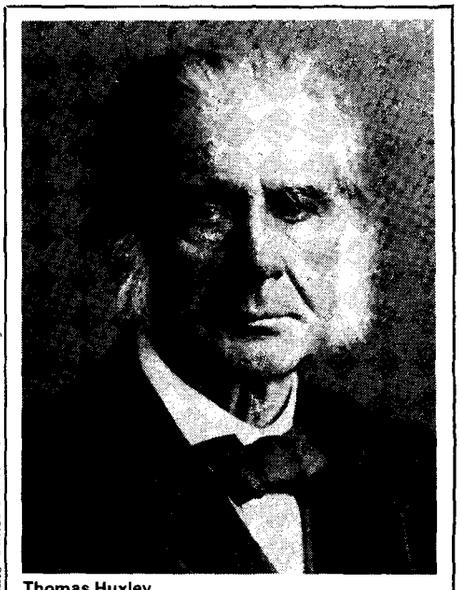
Auguste Comte



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Thomas Huxley

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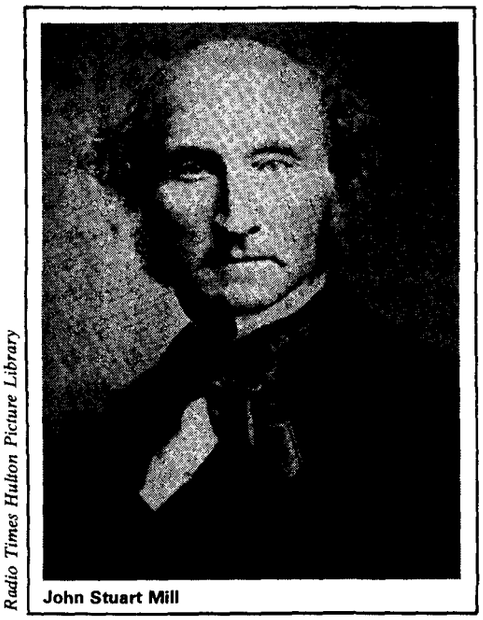
to laws of evolutionary determinism – the notion of social laws similar to scientific ones was common to all these intellectual systems. Like his master, Feuerbach, Marx thought religion a social phenomenon: 'Religion has no content of its own and does not live from heaven but from earth, and falls automatically with the dissolution of the inverted reality whose theory it is' (1842). It is 'the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, the soul of a soulless environment. It is the opium of the people' (1843). It enables us to bear what would otherwise be unbearable; and because it makes the sickness of society bearable it removes the motives for curing and the will to cure. Marx saw Judaism in terms of opium (a fashionable analogy in the 1840s because of the Opium War), but he hated Christianity more because it encouraged the vice he detested most, servility: 'The social principles of Christianity preach cowardice, self-contempt, abasement, submission, dejection, all the qualities of the *canaille*.'

THE STIGMATISATION OF RELIGION as a form of social control was not new. Throughout the 18th century, there had been constant talk, among rebels against the *Ancien Regime*, of strangling the last king with the entrails of the last priest; and it was a cynical commonplace among well-to-do rationalists not to discuss atheism in front of the servants lest they steal the spoons. Voltaire called religion 'the salutory yoke'. Some Christians, like Kingsley, conceded the point. Marx's analysis at one end of the political spectrum was echoed by Archdeacon Wordsworth at the other: 'What, Gentlemen, is Conservatism? It is the application of Christianity to civil government . . . I say it with reverence: the most Conservative book in the world is the Bible' (1865). But equally, others had pointed out the demonstrable fact that the system of social control (if that was what religion was) plainly did not work. Such was Milton's view: he saw among the mob (1673) nothing but 'Pride, Luxury, Drunkenness, Whoredom, Cursing, Swearing, bold and open atheism everywhere abounding.' And Swift said he was 'not of the least of Opinion with those, who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians, to keep the lower part of the world in Awe, for fear of Invisible Powers . . . For I look upon the Many or the Body of our People here in England, to be as Freethinkers, that is to say staunch Unbelievers, as any of the highest rank'. In Marx's own day, social workers reported that the proletariat scoffed at Hell. Among those most in need of the opium, religion had little impact: regular churchgoing was a sign, rather, of upward social progress, and Hellfire sermons were particularly popular. Hell worked best with children, which tended to confirm Comte's 'law' rather than Marx's.



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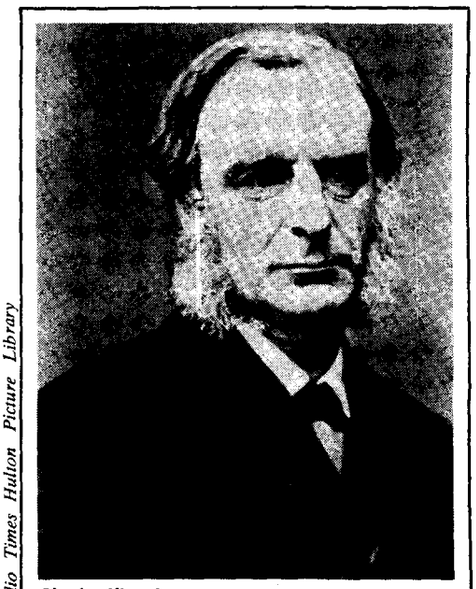
John Stuart Mill

Needless to say, the Marxist assumption that religion would disappear with capitalism has proved false. I find it hard to accept that Marx himself actually believed in such an outcome, though one has to remind oneself that in his day a great many intellectuals agreed that theism in any form could not long survive the hammer blows of science. Marx was descended from rabbis on both sides and was saturated in Biblical determinism; in his case, naturally, it was disembodied from Revelation and so took the form of a rationalised superstition. If Comte rewrote the Sermon on the Mount, Marx produced a weirdly radicalised Deuteronomy. I am inclined to agree with Renan when he said that one should never believe a German who claims he is an atheist. And, as Bacon argues, superstition is much worse than atheism as a public theory: 'Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation; all which may be guides to outward moral virtue, though religion were not; but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men.' Bacon noted that a superstition degenerates faster than a new religion: it 'bringeth in a new *primum mobile*, that ravisheth all the spheres of government . . . and in all superstition, wise men follow fools; and arguments are fitted to practice, in a reversed order.' That is more or less what has happened to the Marxist faith.

The opium theory of Marx and others was, of course, an early example of reductionism applied to religion: a set of beliefs was explained in terms of something quite different, and so explained away. All forms of reductionism rest on the assumption that there is an essential difference between the proclaimed content of a set of religious beliefs, and its real but hidden content; and that the reality can be discovered by psychoanalysis, psychology, anthropology, sociology and so forth. Now one of the difficulties about these various forms of reductionism is that they are not complementary, but mutually exclusive. Freud thought that religion, like war, was the product of infantile neurosis. This, and other psychological explanations of religion are false, according to the sociologists, because they are based upon the notion that individuals form society, whereas in fact society forms individuals. Thus Durkheim laid down the axiom that a psychological explanation of a social fact is always wrong because a social fact is the creation of many minds. But the best Durkheim himself had to offer was that religion was a form of worship of society: beliefs reflect (and cement) social bonds: 'The moral efficacy of the rite, which is real, leads to belief in its physical efficacy, which is imaginary.' The fallacy in Durkheim's argument is that it applies equally well to moral and political beliefs, which he claims are real. And the sociological explanation, in turn, is contradicted by the anthropological form of reductionism, which sees primitive religion as a type of knowledge based upon



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Charles Kingsley

ignorance of natural causes. I doubt if many now find this line of argument, which derives from Frazer, very plausible; it was effectively demolished by Wittgenstein. As Noel Annan put it, the *Golden Bough*, designed as 'an ironical epitaph on Christianity', is nowadays 'one of the most beautiful ruins in the history of thought'.

THESE VARIOUS and contradictory forms of reductionism have in common the notion that the important question to ask about religion is not 'Is that belief true?' but 'Why does anyone have that belief?' Or, more politely, 'What makes you believe that ?' But true religious belief is irreducible: it does not say anything except itself, and it is not explicable in terms of any academic discipline. This fairly obvious truth has been obscured by the emergence of Christian reductionists, who seek to make religious belief intellectually respectable by demythologising it. This form of theological enquiry is essentially fugative, since its viewpoint is anthropocentric – it discusses God purely in terms of the way man sees him – and human fashions date quickly. The *Honest to God* line has already been elbowed aside by the *Myth of Christ Incarnate*, and that in turn is a rapidly fading memory. But Christian reductionism is more than academic fashion: it harbours the real danger of turning religion into something autonomous, or rather man-controlled, into a purely human form of cultural self-expression. Once religion is cut off from its external source it becomes capable of monstrous crimes, as are secular superstitions like Marxism. 'Religionless Christianity', to use Bonhoeffer's term, produces an agregious form of sin, in which religion becomes an internal dialogue in our minds, self-centred, self-regarding and self-justifying. Thus demythologising rapidly breeds (say) 'Liberation Theology', and in turn murder in the name of Christ. This was the error of the Zealots, and the Crusaders.

An alternative manner in which Christians seek to modernise theology is to reverse the process of scientific explanation and restore theology to its old position as Queen of the Sciences. This is a more profitable venture than it might seem at first glance. In one sense, theology (or metaphysics) is always necessary to supply gaps in our knowledge and our ability to explain things – gaps which are seen

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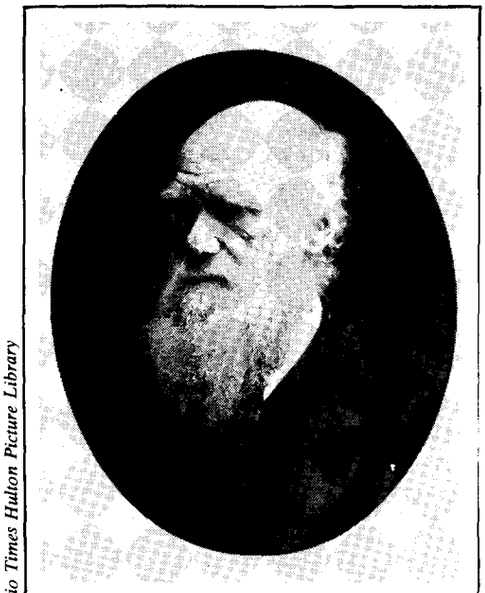

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Charles Darwin

to be bigger, not smaller, than they appeared in Victorian times. Theology only seems to be unnecessary when, as in the 19th and early 20th century, the intellectual elite is under the illusion that it possesses a sufficient non-theological explanation of the universe. God returns when theory fails, just as, at an emotional level, religion comes to the rescue when we are miserable or frightened: God can serve as an intellectual as well as a physical opium. In some ways, for example, Einstein accepted theology as a science. What he called 'the mystery of the world's comprehensibility' inspired in him 'profound faith'. Science, he wrote, was 'blind' without religion. He defined scientific knowledge as a series of 'primary concepts' or 'fundamental relations' which are directly and intuitively connected with experience; all other scientific notions are connected to this basis by theorems. Our knowledge of God cannot be abstracted and expressed in theorems: it is direct and intuitive.

So far so good. Where the argument, so it seems to me, becomes risky is when the 'scientific' approach to God is linked to particular developments in knowledge. Thus, Professor Torrance, in *God and Rationality* (Oxford 1971), argues that theology has been 'harassed' by the 'imperialism of mechanistic concepts, emanating from a dogmatic scientism and a dogmatic empiricism, end-products of the Newtonian era of science'. It is a mistake, he says, to see 'a rigidly mechanistic concept of physics' as 'the model of all true science'. On the contrary, 'the hard concept of determinism and idealisation of mechanical explanation, after the emergence of quantum mechanics and the breakdown of the old principle of causality, is a strange anachronism.' He thinks that 'a more adequate understanding of science . . . will help to deliver theologians from their fear of it', and he suggests that Field Theory can be a fruitful analogy for the way in which the existence and workings of God can be demonstrated.

No doubt it can, but as analogy only; and analogies, like pictures of God, get out of date. In the 18th century, progressive bishops saw the universe as a clock, and God as the primal clockwinder. Hume destroyed the notion, simply by changing the metaphor, in a single sentence: 'The whole presents nothing but the idea of a blind nature, impregnated by a great vivifying principle, and pouring forth from her lap, without discernment or parental care, her maimed and abortive children.' Nor do I think theologians should rejoice that physics has been obliged to break free from an immutable logico-causal relation; after all, theology is not primarily an exercise in physics: it is an exercise in history. Cosmology is relevant to religion only in so far as it provides a satisfactory cosmogony. We need to know how it all happened in the first place. For, to use a deductive principle of Lord Peter Wimsey's, 'Once you know *how*, you know *who*.'

OF COURSE IN EACH AGE theology has to be restated in terms which contemporaries respect. But a theology which involves itself with Field Theory or any other scientific theory is bound to prove ephemeral. The notion that religion must somehow keep pace with science seems to me a 19th century fallacy. As Darwin observed: 'Science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence.' It is tempting, nonetheless, to pounce upon a cosmological explanation as confirming the theistic notion of a 'first event'.

Listening not long ago to a radio talk on the first few minutes in the history of the universe, I was startled by the familiarity: not so *very* different from the first chapter of Genesis. It is argued that the discovery of microwave background radiation provides virtually incontrovertible proof that there was a big bang in which the universe formed; it is also argued that it may have appeared out of a vacuum, and expanded from a zero-radius point. But we cannot yet prove that the universe is a unique happening, as theology would seem to demand. It may be, as Dr Edward Tryon puts it (*Nature*, 1973, 393) that 'Our universe is simply one of thousands that happen from time to time.' Cosmology, as an exact science, is in its infancy; and, as Professor J. D. North points out in his history of modern cosmology, we have not yet succeeded in defining the notion of 'universe' scientifically, since any description ties it to current scientific belief and makes it an impermanent entity.

Objective knowledge is some kind of compound of observation and logic. But our observation of the universe is provisional only, and we are beginning to realise that logic, too, is unstable. In Kant's day, all seemed firm: 'There are but few sciences that can come into a permanent state, which admits of no further alteration. To these belong logic and metaphysics . . . We do not require any new discoveries in logic, since it contains merely the form of thought.' As recently as 1940, a leading logician wrote: 'Dictators may be powerful today, but they cannot alter the laws of logic, nor indeed can God do so.'

But this was to tempt providence. There are now many deviant logics: many-valued logics, intuitionist logic, minimum logic, quantum logic, tense logic, deonitic logic and so on. On changing logics (for example, the 'law of the excluded middle') Professor Quine writes: 'What difference is there in principle between such a shift and the shift whereby Kepler succeeded Ptolemy, or Einstein Newton, or Darwin Aristotle?' It may well be that some of the 'necessary truths' of classical logic may turn out to be wrong for empirical reasons: and perhaps we should regard classical logic as a mere theory (though of a general kind) on a par with other scientific theories. New notational or modal logics seem to breed like reactors. In his examination of the Lewis-Modal systems, Professor Zeman writes: 'One gets the uneasy feeling as one discerns and studies more of the systems belonging to this family, that it is literally a family, and has the power of reproducing and multiplying, proliferating new systems without limit.'

Such discoveries need not make us uneasy; the cautionary tale of the Medieval schoolmen, and their all-embracing systems, has long ago revealed that logic is a delusory instrument. But empirical knowledge, as we are now learning, is also capable of a baseless triumphalism. The road to belief, once found, can be lit up by logic and science; but the discovery must be our own. It is an individual act, and even when we are aware it has taken place, we may not be able to describe it. I am impressed by the number of gifted writers, from Augustine to Newman, who completely fail to conjure up for us the actual moment of acceptance; there is always a missing page in such confessional autobiographies. The loss of faith is equally vaguely described: what might be called the Dover Beach Syndrome occurs only some time after the strickening event. My explanation, a variant of the theory of grace, is that the connection (or disconnection) between God and man is always an interior one; it can be recognised but not described. Belief in God is intuitive; and such intuition is the consequence of grace – grace made real, almost manifest, in the mind of man. The road to grace is through prayer. If, therefore, anyone asks me: 'Does it make sense to pray to a God in which I do not believe?', I answer: 'Yes, it does.' Francis Thompson makes the point more eloquently:

> Not where the wheeling systems darken,
> And our benumbed conceiving soars
> The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
> Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.
> The angels keep their ancient places;
> Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
> 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
> That miss the many-splendoured thing.

CSE Conference of Socialist Economists

CSE is a forum for socialists concerned to develop a materialist critique of society and of political practice, and to overcome boundaries between different areas of social study. Formed in 1970, it now has 1800 members in Britain and around the world. It is politically broad-based, and offers a wide range of activities, debates and publications.

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LAW OF THE SEA

Christine Marple

Britain may join the US in impoverishing the Third World

Who will mine the deep sea bed?

POWERFUL LOBBYISTS in the United States are attempting to push through legislation which will enable US companies to mine the sea bed – against the wishes and much to the detriment of Third World countries. Now that Lord Carrington has arrived at the Foreign Office, there is a strong possibility that Britain will attempt to do the same.

The United Nations Law of the Sea Conference (UNLOSC) has been trying to resolve the complex issues of international jurisdiction over the oceans – so far without much success. Its latest session ended in Geneva two weeks ago, having made very little progress. It plans to reconvene in New York in the summer, when a major item on the agenda will be deep sea mining.

In March, a Bill was introduced into the US Senate which seeks to allow American companies to start mining the deep sea bed before a UN agreement has been reached. The group of Seventy Seven Underdeveloped Countries at the UN see this as a direct threat to their vision of a New International Economic Order based upon the Oceans as 'the common heritage of mankind'. Already members of this Group have threatened to boycott the American Companies like Lockheed, Kennecott and US Steel, who might use the legislation as a basis on which to start mining. The whole American approach graphically reveals their continued lack of sensitivity in Governments to Third World concerns.

The resources about which everyone is so concerned are manganese nodules. These are loose concretions found resting on the seafloor in the deepest parts of the oceans, rich in manganese, nickel, cobalt, and copper. The Group of 77 are convinced that these nodules offer an enormous source of profit to whoever exploits them. Therefore within UNLOSC they have been bargaining very hard to ensure that they will not yet again find themselves forced off as another portion of the world's limited resources is pocketed by the industrialised world. The four international Consortia formed to mine these nodules are all dominated by US Companies although companies from most of the western developed nations are involved. These Consortia all believe that any agreement achieved by the UN will be highly disadvantageous to their interests.

THE TERMS which are under negotiation by UNLOSC are: opening of mine sites is to be undertaken by the International Sea Bed Authority (ISA) under UN control, an ISA mining company is to be established to mine some of the sites; the Consortia are to transfer their technology to this company; in 25 years time the treaty is to be renegotiated; and during this 25 years production from deep sea mining is to be limited. These proposals frighten the Consortia to death. Within the next 18 months they will have to decide whether to go ahead or not. Before committing themselves fully they want to see a legal framework within which they can operate – and this they see in the US Bill as it currently stands. The Bill is highly protectionist due to the views of the Congressmen supporting it. Representative John Murphy (New York) and Senator Matsamaga (Hawaii) between them have ensured that the vessels used in the mining operation must be US flag ships, and that the plants for processing the 3m tons a year of nodules from each mine site will be located in the US. The first makes work for the Eastcoast Shipyards, while the second makes Hawaii or Southern California the prime sites for processing plants.

The Bill has now gone into committee and all the signs indicate that it will be returned relatively unscathed. If passed, it will leave the British government in a dilemma (which some are trying deliberately to engineer). If the British companies involved – Rio Tinto Zinc, Consolidated Goldfields, British Petroleum and Shell – are to be protected, then similar legislation will have to be passed in Westminster and recognised by the US government as being reciprocal. US commentators say that Britain's Bill is already drafted. If it becomes law, we shall join the US in antagonising the Third World. When Labour was in power, Gerald Kaufman said in answer to a parliamentary question that the UK government would *not* declare its opposition to British companies mining in the deep sea prior to a UNLOSC agreement. The Tories are not known to be any more sensitive to the needs of the Third World.

EDUCATION

Need for a new school book strategy

MOST CHILDREN don't get the books they need to see them through school successfully. And it's because the local authorities are spending only half as much money as they should. That's the conclusion of a new report from a working party convened by the National Book League (NBL). It recommends a fresh approach — financially and organisationally — towards providing books in schools.

When cuts in education budgets are made, the three main victims are in-service training for teachers, the upkeep of school buildings, and spending on books and other linked materials. The working party's first problem was that no-one really knew how much *was* being spent on books. The money for buying them is lumped in with a school's 'Capitation allowance' – what a school gets for each pupil on its register. This must also pay for a range of other items – stationery, audio-visual and reprographic aids, pens and pencils. But some LEAs go further and offer schools a mean choice – your local school may be having to decide whether to spend money on books or on keeping the school clean, paying the telephone bill, or funding pupils for GCE and CSE exam fees.

The size of the allowance varies from one LEA to another – four spend less than £1 a year on each secondary pupil: most allocate between £4 and £8, while seven spend over £11. The report does not name the LEAs. The average annual spending is £6.20 for every secondary school child and £3.69 for every primary child – in other words, four books per child per year. This does not allow many schools to maintain a service which is already below par, let alone improve it.

The amount a school can spend has dropped behind almost every inflation-monitoring price index you care to mention (retail prices, printing costs, book production costs). Secondary schools come out worse than primary schools. The working party gave a recommended minimum for spending of £7.44 for a primary child and £12.05 for a secondary child which would account for both class and library books. That would add £70 million to the education budget (£20 million if the Assisted Places Scheme, due to begin in Autumn 1981, were dropped).

Cash is only part of the answer. The books chosen may not be the most suitable. Publishers may be foisting on to schools low-grade material which is ill-matched either for pupils' needs or for exam syllabuses. Some of the arragements for supplying books are also criticised by the working party (no good switching to a single supplier in a desperate attempt to cut costs only to find the new supplier can't cope – as happened in one authority). Finally, the way a school organises its existing stock of books is crucial in ensuring that the money that is available can be well used.

The report acknowledges the proliferation of learning materials – work cards, audio-visual aids, project materials – but it concludes that books remain a vital ingredient of every child's schooling. A book can allow a child – of whatever ability – to read on, to check back, to learn how to handle the tools of a society based on the acquisition of literacy skills – and all at a child's own learning pace. No work card can do all of that; a book gives an extra dimension. A school with too few books can mean children having to share, not being able to take books home and having fewer subjects to choose from.

INEVITABLY, IT IS the children from less well-off families who suffer most. And they would suffer no less if one suggested 'solution' to the problem (not recommended in the report) were put into practice – ie that parents should pay an annual fee to the school to help cover the cost of textbooks.

The NBL working party wants to see more ancillary help for teachers; a better information network for schools about the books available, including a national computer-based information retrieval system; more in-service training; and an enhanced library service. Ironically, Buckinghamshire and Nottinghamshire are planning to *abolish* their school library services.

Another cruelly similar report was published some *nine* years ago – making many of the same points and recommendations. Little has changed since then – which means that even more ground has to be made up. Four years ago, the more prestigious government-sponsored Bullock committee on literacy skills also echoed similar warnings and remedies. Both Bullock and this NBL report call for a national centre for language in education and for a national standing committee, funded and organised by the Government and the LEAs, to monitor and advise on levels of book-spending in schools and on children's literacy needs.

The new Education Secretary Mark Carlisle is currently studying the NBL report. Last week, junior minister Rhodes Boyson acknowledged that 'the evidence points to variations in local authority spending'. However, he insisted that it is 'for each local authority to decide its own pattern of spending in the light of local needs and circumstances'. That was said the day after the Government was telling local authorities to cut spending and freeze recruitment.

Rick Rogers

* *Books for schools*, £1.30 (plus 20p p&p) from the National Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, London W1.

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London Diary

☐ How sad that Sir Val Duncan, former chairman of Rio Tinto-Zinc, the biggest mining company in the world, did not live to see his wildest dreams come true! Ten years ago, Sir Val was selected by a Labour government as just the man to report on the state of British embassies and consulates overseas. To everyone's amazement, he recommended that ambassadors, consuls and attachés should 'forge closer links with British business interests', (not excluding Rio Tinto-Zinc). Sir Val died in 1975, three and a half years before the forging of one of the strongest such links in the history of the Foreign Office. The new Foreign Secretary, Lord Carrington, comes to his job direct from the boardroom of Rio Tinto-Zinc, where he found himself a part-time job soon after Labour won the election of October 1974. Joshua Nkomo said last week that Carrington has been chairman of Rio Tinto's subsidiary in Rhodesia. This is a foul libel on a law-abiding banker. As Rio Tinto's Press Office quickly points out, 'the main RTZ board has had nothing to do with our Rhodesian operation since UDI in 1965'. Of course not. Otherwise they would have been breaking the law by busting sanctions. It is, therefore, the 'merest coincidence' that Mr Ronnie Walker, who for as long as any press officer can remember 'headed up' Rio Tinto's Rhodesian subsidiary, came to London as an executive director of the main company in 1978; and an even merer coincidence that Lord Carrington stayed at Mr Walker's humble home in Salisbury when he went to Rhodesia on a Tory Party 'fact-finding mission' in 1977. In his time-honoured family tradition of Old Etonian bankers, Lord Carrington has now resigned his directorship of RTZ in case it clashes with his duties as Foreign Secretary. But what rejoicing there would be in the RTZ offices in St James Square if Lord Carrington were to find his way to a settlement with the Muzorewa regime in Rhodesia. Such a settlement would open out the full range of Rio Tinto's Rhodesian mines to legitmate exploitation from London. The mines there, by the way, produce copper, nickel and sandwanna emeralds, which last are tremendously popular among black Rhodesian miners' wives, and are selling like hot cakes in the market places of the protected villages.

☐ A special breakfast meeting of the Bring Back the Rope Society was held in Mayfair last Friday to commemorate the first compulsory execution in the United States for several years. Five hundred people settled in their seats in good time to hear the full radio commentary from the execution chamber in Florida State prison. The hall was hushed as the commentator described the manacling of convicted murderer John Spenkelink to the electric chair. A mighty cheer went up as the first 2,250-volt jolt of electricity singed the skin on Spenkelink's right calf, and as the commentator described the 'faint smell of burning flesh', the entire crowd rose to its feet shouting with joy as a second jolt shook Spenkelink so violently that he moved his head and arms in spite of his harness. A low murmur of disappointment greeted the news that a doctor had moved forward to pronounce Spenkelink dead. This changed to noises of even greater excitement when it was reported that the condemned man was still alive. For a full two minutes more the crowd bayed and swayed in ecstasy as the life was jolted out of the man in the chair. After champagne was served, there were a number of speeches. Sir Eldon Stringemup, newly-elected Tory MP for Everywhere-in-Essex, said that a great blow had been struck for law and order all over the world. He promised a prolonged campaign in the House of Commons to bring back capital punishment. 'It is time' he concluded, to cheers. 'that decent, civilised, Christian people took a stand against thuggery and violence.' A spokesman for the Police Federation said he fully supported Sir Eldon. The time had come to put a stop to lawlessness on the streets. 'Capital punishment should be brought back for all murders save for those committed by policemen', he said. A number of prominent judges and Churchmen then spoke. The Very Reverend Julian Truncheons said that the only thing which stopped thugs was fear, and the electric chair was much more terrifying than the rope. 'We should have it here,' he roared. 'It will stop the psychopaths. After all, it certainly stopped our friend Mr Spenkelink!' (loud laughter).

☐ How does it feel to be the most hated man in Britain? Bill Geddes, whose moderate remarks about rich people in private hospital beds earned him the title last week, tells me he has won it several times before. As NUPE branch chairman at Hammersmith Hospital he has led all sorts of action against the hospital authorities there, and has won the usual accolade in the Press. The difference this time is that Bill has been sacked – for the unspeakable crime of helping to paint a slogan on the walls of a hospital tunnel.

Anyone under 16 who is reading this should now avert their eyes, for I am about to reveal the obscene and corrupting slogan which Bill helped to paint. It is: 'THE SPIRIT OF BILL TIZARD LIVES ON'. Bill Tizard used to be another NUPE militant at the hospital until he was sacked for 'intimidating management'. Frolics and pranks of a far more destructive kind are, of course, part and parcel of medical training. I heard the other day for instance of some young house doctors at the Royal Free hospital who drove a Mini round the ground floor corridors. So no one really believes that Bill Geddes has been sacked for anything except his trade union activity.

NUPE members at Hammersmith would be foolish to accept this. Hospital union militants are easily painted as hospital wreckers since they only reach the front pages or the television screens when they are on strike. Less publicised is their constant running battle against government and management cuts which wreck hospitals far more effectively than any strike ever can. Hammersmith is perhaps the most threatened of all the big London hospitals. The Area Health Authority are always looking for ways to run it down. Earlier this year they closed its kidney unit, which has been saved only by private charity. The Authority has moved successfully against office and medical staff, where the union organisation is relatively weak. Thanks to people like Bill Geddes, they have had less success in the parts of the hospital where the union is strong.

☐ The quality of mercy is often rather strained in our courts, so I am delighted to be able to congratulate the magistrates bench at Ashton-in-Makerfield, Lancs, for their firm and fair decision in the case of *R v Ferranti (1979)*. Hugo de Ferranti, 19, had fallen asleep on the motorway and had run into the back of a van. The magistrates took into account his two previous convictions for speeding, and were about to ban him from driving for the normal six months. Up jumped Mr de Ferranti's barrister with an unusually profound plea. His client, he said, was a student at Oxford University, and needed his car 'to travel to tutorials in philosophy, politics and economics'. The magistrates were greatly moved. They halved the ban – to three months – so that Hugo will only have to survive for just one term of getting to tutorials by public transport. This important precedent will, I confidently predict, be strictly followed by magistrates everywhere who are confronted by any student with a similar plea. Anyone who dares to point out in this context that Hugo de Ferranti is an heir to the arms and engineering company which bears his name will be guilty of the gravest possible contempt of court.

☐ Why has the inquest into Blair Peach, who was killed during a demonstration in Southall nearly a month ago, been postponed for another two months? The Home Office pathologist's report on the body has been ready now for more than a fortnight. It is complemented by another independent report carried out by an eminent pathologist on behalf of Blair Peach's family. There is little discrepancy between the reports, and, I understand, no doubt about what they imply. 'Police inquiries are continuing', the coroner was told. For how long? A *Daily Mirror* report two weeks ago indicated that six policemen have been singled out for special investigation. Yet none of the main witnessses have been put on identity parades to pick out any suspects. I wonder what the reaction would have been if a policemen, not a demonstrator, had been killed at Southall. Would the inquest have been postponed until the middle of the summer holidays? Would there have been almost total silence in the Press about the murder hunt? Would the suspects have been left to carry on their jobs without being charged or even cautioned?

Paul Foot

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Meat and two veg made way for Continental delicacies such as 'Hamburg Hotpot', 'Normandy Turnovers' and 'Dalmation Pud' for 65,000 East Sussex schoolchildren this week to draw attention to the direct European elections and celebrate a twinning agreement with Essonne in Northern France. – *Daily Telegraph* (Michael Salmon)

☐ Hell's Angels who set up a holiday camp at the weekend at Broken Scar, Darlington, told police they were preparing to crown a new leader for the Darlington chapter. The Darlington chapter of Hell's Angels deny that Jungle, the present leader, serving a prison sentence in Durham, was being replaced and say that the Hell's Angels on the site were from the Tyne and Wear chapter having a quiet day out. – *Darlington and Stockton Times* (E. J. Bell)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

New models of the future

Sir, I regret that my writings cannot live up to Jeremy Bray's high standards of scholarship (NS 18 May). But one of the 'half understood traveller's tales' I had heard is that scholars cite sources for the work they criticise. Readers would not be able to discover from Dr Bray's article the title of a single work of mine from which they could judge for themselves the validity of his strictures.

So perhaps I can draw the attention of any disinterested readers to my book *The Economic Consequences of Democracy*, published in hard and paperback by Maurice Temple Smith in 1977. This also cites other works – thus making further references unnecessary in these columns – and also includes some reprints of those notorious *Financial Times* articles. Since it will be a few weeks before Peter Jay returns to the lists, may I also cite his *Employment, Inflation and Politics* (Institute of Economic Affairs, 1977).

Finally the statement made in your caption that Whitehall was 'uncritical in its acceptance', either of Milton Friedman himself, or of Peter Jay's or my own interpretations of his work, is news indeed. This is an excellent example of an eminently falsifiable Popper-type proposition. The falsification procedure is for once quite simple: just ask anyone who has ever worked in the Treasury. Some of your readers might like to try the test for themselves before getting down to their 'linear algebra'.

SAMUEL BRITTAN

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Sir, Lured to this week's NS(18 May) by promises of 'new prospects for socialist policy-making', we were disconcerted to find socialism mentioned only in the first and last sentences of a five page essay by Jeremy Bray, in the beginning as a goal, and in the end as a hope. In the middle all we got was a flaccid commentary on econometric models. As no policies at all were suggested, it was hard to tell if we were being offered socialism, social democracy or just capitalism, American-style (where, Bray tells us, there are lots of 'hard-working' economists).

MATTHEW HOFFMAN
NICHOLAS PRESCOTT

Magdalen College
Oxford

Sir, I was sorry to see Jeremy Bray's assertion that 'In their own interest, students would be wise to avoid economics unless they can tackle differential equations, linear algebra and statistics as a starting point . . .' Certainly it is useful for students to have a strong grasp of these things, if only so that they can see through, for example, the exaggerated claims for econometrics made by latter-day enthusiasts like Dr Bray (the real professionals in the field have long since learned to be more careful).

But there are also plenty of important economic questions for which a wide-ranging commonsense, coupled with a sharp philosophical turn of mind, are more important than mathematical or statistical expertise. For example, 'How can we evaluate the rival claims of industry and recreation when minerals are found in a National Park?', 'What would be the total costs, and benefits, to society of paying a wage to mothers of small children who want to stay at home?', 'Do subsidies to loss-making industries make sense?', 'Can we help industry in developing countries without putting our own people out of work?'

There are many economics courses in universities and polytechnics which still treat economics in a primarily non-mathematical way. To give just one example, here at Middlesex Poly we have a joint course in economics and geography. All our students go through basic maths and stats courses, but they don't need more than O-level maths to start with. Some, including some of those with little previous background in maths, have turned out to be good mathematicians. Others have been less mathematically gifted, but have still gone on to get good, and socially useful, jobs in regional planning, the civil service, schoolteaching etc. It would be a pity if such young people were put off economics, in advance, by Dr Bray.

PETER NEWBY

Middlesex Polytechnic
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Sir,

Dr Jeremy Bray
With little to say
Took ages and ages
– almost five pages.

CHARLES E. HARLEY

78 Chesterfield Road
Barnet, Herts

Labour's achievement . . .

Sir, There was much in Christopher Price's analysis of our election defeat (NS 18 May) to agree with. We certainly did lack political imagination in government, and failure to act on Freedom of Information, reform of Parliament, the public schools and a co-operative framework for education, housing and industry was a clear indication of this.

However, Chris must be careful that, in his crusading mood, he does not let his political imagination run away with him. It is simply not true that 'for *many* (of the working class) their real standard of living (had been) cut' (my italics). A very few were perhaps in this position, and real incomes admittedly grew slowly, but, for the vast majority, real living standards rose on average by 4–5 per cent between February 1974 and Autumn 1978, and considerably more by May 1979. For those on benefits (pensioners, for example) the rise was around 20 per cent.

Neither is it true that growth in public expenditure was 'constantly thwarted by our inhibitions against taxing the professionals and managers.' The fact is that lack of economic growth and the oil price hike were the inhibitors and that meant the only way to get real increments of revenue was to tax hard the broad mass of working people (including, to our shame, some on very low incomes).

We were right to do it. It enabled us to preserve and extend the real freedoms that public services bring to the groups in our community that depend on Labour for their protection. But it may well have have helped to lose us the election. Margaret Thatcher's was a Nixonian appeal: 'The majority are *not* poor, *not* low-paid, *not* unemployed, *not* black and *not* living in the regions or the inner city – and they want their taxes cut.'

The problem for Labour is to persuade our increasingly affluent working-class constituency that we can deliver the goods of a prosperous *and* a just and caring society. Margaret Thatcher, by implication, asked them to choose between the two. We can't escape some responsibility for the answer they gave, but neither should we blame ourselves unnecessarily.

MIKE THOMAS

House of Commons
London SW1

. . . and its future

Sir, Peter Kellner's analysis of the MORI poll and of the general election results (NS 18 May) is alarming, but the conclusions he draws may be too pessimistic. The results themselves are bad enough but they seem to point to a simpler answer than the analysis suggests. In a number of southern constituencies the Labour vote fell very little and in some lost seats it actually increased. Poor comfort, of course, but in Putney, for example, the electorate decreased by two thousand while the Labour vote dropped by little more than one thousand. It may be, therefore, that we did not, overall, lose any votes to the Tories. What happened was that the Liberal vote suffered a severe collapse and appeared to go solidly Tory, thus accounting for their majority.

Such a relatively simple explanation may, of course, conceal changes suggested by the *Sunday Times*/MORI panel but perhaps the putting on of the sackcloth and ashes should be modest in quantity while the rending of the garments might be deferred for firmer evidence. Ted Heath returned Labour in spite of itself and while Mrs Thatcher may take a little longer I feel confident she will achieve a clear majority for socialism. It is; of course, unsatisfactory to be returned because of the dreadful nature of the alternative, but providing World War III does not eliminate us all before 1984 that may be the real prospect.

HUGH JENKINS

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Films as propaganda

Sir, If the Crown Film Unit was really such a nightmare (NS 4 May) how is it that John Mortimer – who always seemed an intelligent lad – can also write of his time there – 'I now count this as one of the happiest periods of my life'? Could it be that in spite of all the moral dangers, he was dimly aware of being under the same roof as Humphrey Jennings, Harry Watt, Pat Jackson, Jack Holmes and others at a time when they were bringing a new and a richer quality not only to documentary but to the British film-making tradition as a whole?

For a number of years now I have been showing a selection of Crown's work to successive annual classes of American university students who come here to study 'communications and theatre' – a curious academic combination of which I hope John Mortimer would not too strongly disapprove. In general the students find the sympathetic and rounded presentation of ordinary people heart-warming and the poetical shaping of Jennings' films to have a unique beauty, but the propaganda is a bit too gentle for their modern American taste (not all that far from John Grierson's own view conveyed somewhat sharply from his National Film Board of Canada at the time).

As for propaganda (one man's religion is another man's propaganda?) if, as John Mortimer confidently asserts, it can *never* be truthful, it seems to follow that to propagate any cause, whether religious, social or political, is always to be guilty of lying. Perhaps now we have the real (and rather sad) reason why John Mortimer – unaware then of his wrong-doing and with Grierson's anti-Nazi 'marching songs' ringing in his less sceptical ears – was happy at Crown?

EDGAR ANSTEY

Grierson Memorial Trust
81 Dean Street
London W1

Peter Finch

Sir, I wish to express my thanks to Elaine Dundy for her splendid and constructive letter (NS 11 May) à propos my Peter Finch biography. Owing to the pressure of correspondence and current interest in the book, I am seriously contemplating Volume 2: *Son of Peter Finch, a Biografitia*, and would be most grateful if Miss Dundy would use her sharp eye and expertise to proof-read it.

The problems of reference and cross reference in writing at length about Peter Finch are endless – for instance the post card in my possession signed by the vaudeville comic himself, reads Bert La Blance and not Bert Le Blanc as stated by Miss Dundy – and even the most reliable sources vary as to what the correct facts are or were according to 'Finchie'. I have nothing but sympathy for Miss Dundy in her task and wish her every success with her 'own buiografee of Peter Finch'.

TRADER FAULKNER

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Rhyme and reason

Regular readers of this column, to whom my heart truly goes out in gratitude for their loyalty and kind forbearance, cannot have failed to spot my keenness on anything and everything connected with both the entertainment and theatre worlds in all their multitudinous aspects and before we move on to our customary and more serious matters, I have, for older musical comedy buffs, a couplet that I would like them to try to identify. It *sounds* as though we are dealing with a snatch from the luscious and unreal and pre-*Oklahama* offerings of between the wars. Now then, who sang it and to whom?

At midnight in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.

It has, of course, a ring of something from *The Desert Song*, with the magical Edith Day gazing starry-eyed at the masked Red Shadow (the tall and commanding figure of Harry Welchman) who has abducted her without much reluctance on her part and has installed her amid the sands in a singularly sumptuous and commodious tent with no strings attached, apart from those which hold the construction to the ground. Or is it a few years earlier and was it in a lyric warbled by the charming and elegant George Grossmith, surely the oldest and ugliest *jeune premier* ever to tread the boards, to somebody like Phyllis Dare as they sat, bathed in pink limelights and staring mistily into the middle distance of the auditorium of the Winter Garden Theatre? Or does it come from an early Vivian Ellis number, a home-grown composer of huge talent and a provider of such a fine long line of toe-tappers? Or is it from a duet by that entrancing pair, Binnie Hale and Bobby Howes? While you mull it over (and never fear, I give the answer later), let me just branch off onto the following subject, the relevance of which will subsequently become apparent.

There are, I have to confess, times when, here in my happy Devon backwater, I feel a little out of touch. Not quite *with* it, in a modish phrase. I am not, of course, referring to the news of the day (and I say, how ripping about dynamic Mrs Thatcher!) which is brought to me in such rich profusion by the 'Daily Telegraph' and the BBC and ITV, with nice Mr Bosanquet's *perruque* a real pleasure to the eye and such a glowing advertisement for Stickphast or whatever keeps it so splendidly in position. No, it is not from news but more from the truly illustrious of the world's figures, either dead or alive and kicking, that I feel so remote and bereft of information. I am, for those who can force out the words without feeling a touch of verbal nausea, 'a deeply caring person' and I want everybody to be happy. So from now on in I am going to try to take a much greater interest both in those about me and in the dear departed, an interest which will extend to the most humble details of their everyday lives and I here select some at random.

The Conservative success has produced a flood of merry ministerial snaps from the past and so what, I ask myself, was Stanley Baldwin's favourite pudding? I feel somehow that it was either trifle enriched with British sherry and calling itself Tipsy Cake or a plain baked custard scattered with hundreds and thousands (and anybody who writes to tell me that his favourite pudding was, obviously, Mrs Baldwin will get a sharp rap over the knuckles for impertinence and unkind thoughts). Well then, when the alarm-clock goes ting-a-ling in No. 10, is it Denis who makes the tea or do they have one of those contraptions that switches on bedroom lights and Patricia Hughes and brews rather a small quantity of Typhoo? Did the Kaiser ever wonder whether that unusual moustache was a mistake and did he, in a Teutonic spirit of fun, waggle it playfully up and down at the Kaiserin ('Komm, zu Bett!')? Had Attila a sweet tooth and, if so, what goodies if any were at that time available? And exactly what brand of apple was it that Sir Isaac Newton received on the nut? The unthinking will quickly say that it was, of course, a Newton Wonder and will only subsequently note the fallacy in the impossibility of whoever it was naming an apple in anticipation of an event. To set off such a momentous line of thought, the apple must have been, I imagine, a fruit of a fairly and solid texture and pretty weighty. I incline to think that it was either a Bramley or a Lord Derby as I have, at apple picking time in Appleton, been struck by many of these as they fell and often on the bridge of my nose (I cannot, naturally, speak for childbirth but there are few other agonies to equal it). On the other hand, some may plump for a Monarch, a good, reputable and showy apple that, descending from a height of ten feet or so, would certainly not go unnoticed. My mind ranges, as we have seen before, pretty widely.

I have often, in that idle moment while waiting for the spuds to boil, wondered about the American writer and poet, Edgar Allan Poe and why he clung so tenaciously to the 'Allan' part and then, hey presto, all is made clear by finding, lurking forgotten on a shelf of what I call 'my library' (the far end of the spacious 'Myrtlebank' dining-room), the poems of Edgar Allan (impossible to shake off) Poe and an 1874 Memoir of him by R.H. Stoddard. Alas, it reveals a sorry tale of general muddle and lack of moral fibre, this country being partially responsible in that his mother was an English actress called Elizabeth Arnold, then delighting the Baltimore public in the name part of *Priscilla Tomboy*. Mr Poe, sighting this vision from the stalls, married her, swiftly deserted his lawyer's office and himself daubed on the grease-paint, appearing as Frank in *Fortune's Frolic*. Frank too were the notices ('The gentleman was literally nothing'). Sad events followed thick and fast. Mr Poe ran off. Mrs Poe, destitute and with three young children, died and little Edgar was adopted by a married and childless family friend, Mr Allan, a rich merchant who, with his wife, visited England, stayed for six years and put little Edgar to school at Stoke Newington. I regret to say that, although 'a handsome lad, with soft clustering hair', we now begin to read of 'inordinate self-esteem' and of parents who refused to let their children play with him ('He was *such* a bad boy').

And such he remained. Back in America and at the University of Virginia, he was found to be 'the most dissolute and dissipated' student ever admitted into those esteemed academic circles, running up gambling debts of $2,000, for ever playing cards and swigging champagne and throughout woefully ungrateful to kindly old Mr Allan ('I want to see how much of the old man's money I can spend and I have done it'). I plunge on with the details, inexpressibly painful though they are to myself and all other right-thinking and clean-living persons. Hanging valiantly on to the name of Allan in hopes of inheriting (Mr Allan finally disowned him), he was sent as a cadet to West Point and was the subject of an almost immediate court-martial and dismissed from the service ('Gross neglect of all duty'). Meanwhile, champagne had given way to brandy and 'a worn, weary, discontented look, not easily forgotten by his intimates'. And thence to a hand and mouth literary existence, now as journalist, now as publisher's hack, usually boozed and always resentful of others, a wayward genius who managed somewhere along the line to produce 'The Raven', 'The Bells', 'Tales of Mystery' and a good deal more. By the age of 40 the sad chap was dead as a doornail.

And it is from Poe that that couplet comes, about which I may slightly have misled you, though I did say that it *sounds* like musical comedy. I have always wanted to track down the poet who was one of the first to rhyme 'moon' with 'June', thereby providing lyric writers with years of untroubled prosperity in the make-believe world of the lighter, brighter and, I am afraid, sillier kind of musical play. But, though foolish, it was the happiest kind of world and purchasable for five bob and where, from an upper circle seat, you gazed at boy meeting girl (Act I), boy falling out with girl (Act II) and boy reunited with girl (Act III). Remarkable that by far the best musical comedy of the 1920s was written thirty years later, and by Sandy Wilson. You'll remember it. A work of genius called *The Boy Friend*.

Roger Woddis

Poorhouse

Some MPs pressing for higher pay have started a More Wages Movement.

Come, hardened heart, and bleed for those
Who slither backwards as they climb,
And lacking much, are having such
A bloody awful time.

What do we know of suffering
Who live a life of slothful ease?
Of hunger's pangs and hardship's fangs
That gnaw at our MPs?

Their stomachs rumble as they speak,
They famish as they frame our laws;
Theirs is the call that moves us all,
Theirs is the week's good cause.

For you should know in mine and mill
How fortunate you are;
Haggard the hosts and gaunt the ghosts
That haunt the Commons bar.

How many would be keen to do
The job they so dislike?
And how contrive to stay alive,
If they should go on strike?

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

John Keegan

Enigma Variations

British Intelligence in the Second World War, Its Influence on Strategy and Operations, Vol. 1 by F. H. HINSLEY and others £10

M.I.9. Escape and Evasion, 1939-45 by M. R. D. FOOT and J. M. LANGLEY *Bodley Head* £6.95

The official history of the work of the British intelligence services in the second world war has been long awaited, and all the more keenly in that as late as 1978 its publication – if not the fact of its preparation – remained in doubt. No volume on intelligence had been included in the first world war series and although the scope of the second world war histories had been greatly extended, to cover the making of home and foreign policy as well as the conduct of military operations, and the frankness of appraisal (both of individuals and their judgments) allowed to the authors much increased – it could scarcely have been reduced – it was suspected that Whitehall might flinch from the ultimate exercise in self-exposure. In the event Whitehall has not done so. But it has imposed major restrictions on the freedom of the authors to tell what they know, stricter than those under which any of the other official historians have worked. They have been allowed to quote freely from the material gathered by the intelligence organisations – the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS or MI 6), MI 5 (counter-espionage), the Government Code and Cypher School (now Government Communications Headquarters), the army, navy and air force intelligence directorates, Special Operations Executive (the wartime sabotage organisation) and the Ministry of Economic Warfare; but to the 'domestic records' of the organisations, 'including details of the methods by which this material was obtained' and relating to individuals who gathered and assessed it, they have been permitted to make only indirect allusion, and in a fashion guaranteeing immunity, both to agents and their masters.

It would be naive or seditious to demand anything more. If a democratic government decides to breach the principle that gentlemen do not read each other's mail (Henry Stimson's famous justification for his closure of the White House cryptanalysis department in 1929), the least those whom it employs to do so, often at risk to their lives, have a right to expect is that their identities should be concealed. But it must be said that the literary end-product of work undertaken within these restrictions is unsatisfying, even baffling, to the reader. The authors' brief was to 'produce an account of the influence of British intelligence on strategy and politics' and in that sense the volume does not differ in its objects from those on grand strategy. Strategists, unless they stray into megalomania, know that they influence rather than determine the events of warfare, which in the last resort turn on the courage and powers of decision of men far lower down the chain of command. But, because this is so, it is a cardinal principle in the writing of strategic history – as it is of the making of grand strategy – that the 'order of battle' first of one's own side, and then of the enemy's, should be established in the greatest possible detail at the earliest possible stage. For understanding's sake, it is necessary to know not only the exact number of operational units deployed, but their location, strength, equipment, mission and place in the organisational hierarchy, together with, wherever possible, the identity and character of their commanders. A reader without such information at his disposal will find any account of operations – whether between armed units in the field or, as here, between clandestine bodies behind the lines – ultimately more confusing than instructive.

Professor Hinsley and his co-authors, to be fair, seem well aware of the dangers of obfuscation that their brief imposed. They have scrupulously avoided an exact depiction of the intelligence 'orbat'. But, by describing what did not exist, they have allowed the reader to infer what did, both at the beginning of their period in 1939 and at the end, when much had been created, in 1941. It was small enough to start with. A Secret Intelligence Service, controlled by the Foreign Office, had existed since 1909, a code and cypher breaking service (GCCS) since 1919 and army and navy intelligence departments since the last century. But they were all understaffed, poor and deficient in modern technique. Sigint – the process by which enemy signal traffic is intercepted, collated and analysed (a process different from cryptanalysis) – had been neglected between the wars, though its importance had been recognised ever since 1916 when the Naval Operation Staff's misinterpretation of the transmission point of the High Seas Fleet's callsign had jeopardised deployment before the battle of Jutland. Photographic reconnaisance had been subcontracted to a commercial operator with a single aeroplane. The SIS's best-placed German agent, an officer in the Abwehr, had been passed to it by the Czech intelligence service. And, though the authors quibble over the matter at length, the most important advances in decrypting German military signals, transmitted by the Enigma machines, had been made by the Poles.

These shortcomings were the concomitants of Britain's general level of disarmament. But their effect was heightened by faults of organisation (the Joint Intelligence Committee was treated as a source of information, not of advice, by the Joint Planning Staff, though such treatment was what had caused the notorious pre-Jutland misunderstanding), by inadequate provision for assessing information supplied and by dangerous preconceptions about what the intelligence pointed to ('making pictures', as Napoleon called it, the worst sin of which he could accuse a general). Thus the possibility of a German advance through the Ardennes was discounted by British intelligence, as by the French, from the outset right up to May 1940 and all photographic reconnaissance flights were used to compile maps of northern Belgium, where it was hoped that the Germans would make their play. And a steady flow of Enigma traffic of the highest value collected during the Norwegian campaign could not be used by the War Office because it had not detected, and had therefore made no subsequent provision to intercept, high-level wireless traffic during the first world war.

The German intelligence service was at every level better prepared both to collect and use intelligence and did so with great effect during 1940. It established the 'orbat' of the British and French armies with great precision, and the high command were assisted by this knowledge to choose the most promising lines of advance for its blitzkrieg columns. It had been intercepting and reading British communications for some time before the war – the information supplied had been of supreme importance to Hitler during the Munich negotiations – and it continued to do so into 1941. By then, however, the energies generated by the struggle for national survival had greatly improved the quality of British intelligence work. Scientific intelligence, in which Professor R. V. Jones achieved such heroic results, did much to win the Battle of Britain and defeat the Luftwaffe in the Blitz. Sigint laid the basis for the naval victory of Matapan. And, during the Greek and Cretan campaigns against the Germans, the British were for the first time actually rather better informed than their opponents about both their intentions and capabilities.

British capabilities remained so low, however, that even when forewarned British commanders could rarely beat the Germans in stand-up battle. That would have to wait until 1942, when American equipment would at last begin to reach the British armies in quantity enough to make the revelations of Ultra/Enigma the key to victory, at Alamein and elsewhere. By then, British intelligence had also grown in strength and greatly ramified in complexity, stretching out to interfere with German war purchases all over the neutral world and to pluck from within her occupied territories prisoners-of-war or parachuted aircrew who had escaped from or evaded German imprisonment. The prison camp book was, in the ten years after the second world war, one of the most popular and successful forms of non-fiction publishing in this country. M. R. D. Foot and J. M. Langley, the first a major scholar of intelligence work and resistance movements (he wrote the official history of *SOE in France*) and both veterans of escape and evasion, have now written the P.O.W. book to end all, an elegant, scholarly, amusing and highly informative account of the work of one of the smaller but most productive agencies of Military Intelligence in the Second World War – MI 9. It had scarcely begun its task in the period covered by Professor Hinsley's first volume. It will be revealing to see what his second has to say of it.

Among this week's contributors:

JOHN KEEGAN is the author of *The Face of Battle*; he lectures in War Studies at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

ADRIAN LYTTELTON is the author of *The Seizure of Power: Fascism in Italy 1919-29*; he is Professor of History at the Bologna Center of the Johns Hopkins University.

JAMES CAMPBELL is the editor of the *New Edinburgh Review*.

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James Campbell

The Agony and the Ecstasy

Hermann Hesse: A Biography by RALPH FREEDMAN *Cape* £7.95

To adopt Gore Vidal's parlance, Hermann Hesse was *the* OK author at the end of the Sixties and the beginning of the Seventies. Huxley, Castaneda and Leary also had their places, but only Tolkien rivalled Hesse's primacy in the Hip Bibliography – a catalogue of required reading for all who were concerned with the Self or 'innermost being'. Hesse's popularity during this period was phenomenal. Everywhere you looked, young devotees dressed in kaftans could be seen hiding their beards behind a copy of *Steppenwolf* or *Siddhartha*: a life's work devoted to expounding and exploring the psychology of ecstasy. Hippies treated these texts like handbooks which set out the spiritual code of the time, much as the Victorians supplied their young people with little handbooks for moral guidance. Youths adopted the role of Hesse's Indian pilgrim, Siddhartha, and set off blindly for India in pursuit of *atman*, while the girls took a subservient role and worshipped the Siddhartha-image their young men projected. Along the so-called hippie trail at the turn of the decade, Hesse books were currency, and discussion of the novels the major, sometimes the sole, intellectual stimulus. If the fate of Little Nell was capable of sending a generation of Victorians to their handkerchiefs, so Siddhartha and Govinda could ravish the minds of the love generation and transport them to hastily contrived bliss-without-tears.

Hesse's real life was very different from how it was imagined by these post-reality pilgrims, but on the whole the idea they had of the fiction was the right one. He was born in Calw in 1877. His childhood and schooling were constantly a source of mental strain to himself, and a social and spiritual affront to his parents. When the young Hermann went missing one night, his mother's first thought was not for his physical well-being but for the safety of his soul: 'At first I was afraid that Hermann had fallen into some particular sin... and so I felt most grateful when the feeling finally seized me that he was... perhaps already with Him, redeemed, dead, perhaps drowned.' That, she added, would be more acceptable than 'sin and shame'. A little later, as the young man's anxiety worsened, there seemed to her to be no escape from the damnation for which he was destined. As Mr Freedman puts it: 'Prayers having proved to be of no avail, the only alternative was bedlam.' From then on (instead of bedlam he went to a castle which housed retarded children) Hesse's life was a series of illnesses, mental and physical, and the sanatorium emerges from this biography as almost a second home.

Hesse was himself destined for missionary work. Instead, he persuaded his parents to allow him to be apprenticed to a bookseller in Tübingen, which acted as compensation for the university education he regretted never

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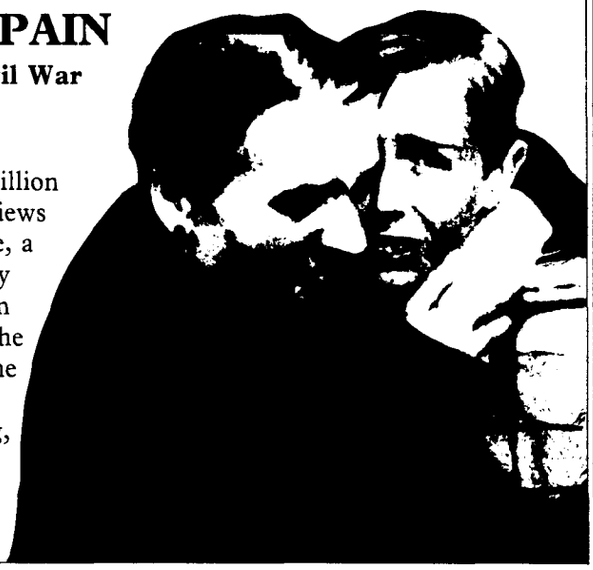

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receiving. Though the psychological strains continued to pull at him, they were, in another sense, a source of comfort and, eventually, creation. If there could be no escape through medicine, there was, Hesse discovered, another path by which he might avoid the hell of life: art. He published his first book of poems in 1898 and his first novel, *Hermann Lauscher*, three years later.

At the turn of the century it was fashionable to associate art with disease. That Nietzsche's 'ennoblement through degeneration' appealed to Hesse is borne out by several novels, including *Steppenwolf*. When, much later, he was psychoanalysed, his exchanges with Jung on the subject reveal his fear that if his devils were forced to go, his angels might leave too. Hardly a letter is published in this biography in which Hesse is not complaining of one ailment or another: eye-aches, headaches, insomnia, leg troubles, intestinal troubles, sciatica, gout; 'an old workhorse' he was calling himself, not yet 50, in 1926. And yet he could write about his sister who was suspected of being tubercular:

> I look at everything from the perspective of the soul, or from an emotional centre of life, and I consider lungs only as the keys of the piano we play on. And so I believe that Marulla has only displaced her irresolution and anxiety to her lungs . . .

Despite many hints, Mr Freedman forebears to delve deeply into the conundrum that Hesse's art is swaddled in ecstasy while his life was manacled in pain. He at least partly suggests his own view by matching the frequency with which the word 'crisis' appears in his book with that of another – 'pose'. This is not to suggest that Hesse, or his work, was a sham; but it does express Mr Freedman's conviction that Hesse secretly nurtured the loneliness and suffering he was so fond of complaining about.

On the other hand, it would have provided a decent basis for discussion of the eschewal of realism in the fiction. Mr Freedman writes of Castalia that it was not only a made-up setting in which to base a novel, but for Hesse was 'a refuge from political, social and eventually psychological instability'. Only one of the novels, *Steppenwolf*, is given a metropolitan setting; usually he chose an over-simplified historical backcloth. Yet, on his real-life journey to the East in 1911, Hesse was thoroughly miserable for most of the time:

> In Asia he was oppressed by the noise, the beggars, the dirt. Surprising in a writer who was to compose *Siddhartha*, he did not like Indians, and treated them and their society with typical European prejudices.

He didn't like the smell, he didn't like the heat. But he continued to regard it as a kind of holy land: 'The way to India . . . did not go by way of railroads and ships. I had to find the magic bridges myself.' His 'East' was a transcendent one; but the curious, unexplained fact remains that a whole generation took Hesse literally. Siddhartha was real to them and India actually appeared to be the land of the enlightened where the *dharma* could easily be overtaken. Conrad Rooke filmed *Siddhartha* and the results were abysmal. How could they fail to be? The best way of filming that rather mawkish tale would be to use the techniques of the animated cartoon, for that is what all Hesse's 'historical' novels most readily suggest: a flat, two-dimensional reality with hand-painted scenery and comic cut-out figures. Whatever life they possess is due to Hesse's considerable ability to conjure alchemical images (often evolved out of his reading of Jung) which have an odd and attractive way of bewitching the imagination.

The lack of realism in Hesse's fiction hints in advance at the lack of simple humanity which sometimes emerges from the pages of Mr Freedman's biography. Perhaps he did find the company of people (especially admirers) irksome; perhaps he did need to stand aloof from the war and all its havoc, even to the extent that he was later accused of failing to decry the Nazis; maybe his pain did make it necessary for him to escape into a mental landscape fit only for the 'elite'; but it should cause some readers discomfort to have to regard Hesse as one who created a separate world because he could not bear the reality of this one. Mr Freedman accuses him (documenting his assertion as painstakingly as ever) of seeking the solace of the clinic in order 'to take himself out of the everyday into a rarified life where the ailing person is cared for and made the centre of attention'.

This is not the first biography of Hesse. Its novelty rests in the fact that it views Hesse's life as a series of crises and 'awakenings'. It concentrates on the way in which each trauma in the author's life gave rise to new struggles with his own psychology and how, out of those, the work was born. The biographer has founded his portrait mainly on letters – many of them unpublished – and if at times it is slightly tedious and repetitive about the old hypochondriac's aches and pains, it should be read by Hesse enthusiasts for all that. Especially those who went with him to the East.

Tom Paulin

Atlantic Changelings

The breakers, the marram dunes,
A sea snipe beating over green water,
Footprints of passing visitors
On a curved strand . . . I trace them now
Like a hunched detective scowling
In a dead resort, and learn the gossip
Of a social summer — see this walled pit
Scooped by that peculiar child
No one invited to their sandy picnic.
See where Long walked his dog last evening
And where the professor's wife met him
By the tideline. They exchanged polite words
On its drift of dry shells, though a sea potato
In the likeness of a shaved pudendum
Splintered their good manners.

Far from their different societies
The scuffed patterns of these prints
Show everyone changed into transparent
Shadows meeting on this shore.
Their inquisitive uplifted faces
Challenge and beckon with a shy
Confidence, their soothed voices
Come floating from the class
I could belong to (like them I have left
The city to consume a wild landscape).
We will pack soon and the sly locals
Will repossess this expensive view.
In the windy now I hug my righteousness
Like a thermos flask. I cry out
For a great change in nature.

Hermione Lee

Rage

D. H. Lawrence's Nightmare: The Writer and his Circle in the Years of the Great War by PAUL DELANY *Harvester Press* £8.50

'Let us have done with this idea of democratic control . . . Some amongst us are born fit to govern, and some are born only fit to be governed.' Paul Delany quotes this in his discussion of Lawrence's opposition to democracy and liberal reform, which inevitably became associated with Nazism. But he points out that Lawrence never joined a right-wing political organisation, and goes on to comment carefully: 'One cannot fairly say more without descending to minute particulars, and tracing the many fluctuations of his political beliefs over the years.' Delany's book is indeed a monumental warning against oversimplifying Lawrence. In its account of the 'minute particulars' of his life between 1914 and 1918, it pins down the furious fluctuations in Lawrence's beliefs, his drastic consignments to oblivion of philosophies held only a few months previously, his violent alternation in personal relationships between possessiveness and embittered rejection.

The result is a scrupulous and comprehensive work, sensibly written, and admirably in control of its mass of material. But it is also a profoundly depressing and painful book, not only for its intimacy with Lawrence's rage at England and the war, his isolation and humiliating penury, but also for the story it tells of his neglect and harassment, both as a writer and as a private citizen.

Between the completion of *The Rainbow* in March 1915 and that of *Women in Love* in the autumn of 1916, the course of the war and of Lawrence's own life led him to reject Ursula's concluding vision of a social transformation for England. Lawrence said of *Women in Love* in 1917: 'This actually does contain the results in one's soul of the war: it is purely destructive, not like *The Rainbow*, destructive-consummating.' 'His social outlook had reversed itself,' Delany comments, 'from the vision of a regenerated community, to the savage misanthropy proclaimed by Birkin'. And he provides the essential background to this change of vision between the two novels, by describing in great detail Lawrence's attitude to the war.

In 1914 he thought of it as a 'necessary purge' for a sick society. But as the characteristics of trench warfare took shape, Lawrence's hopes of a socialist revolution and of a quick 'purge' were eroded, and his isolation from the national spirit of militarism became ever more pronounced. He dwelt on bitter visions of a degraded England whose 'human conscious soul' was being swamped and submerged', and of a world given up to hate inevitably destroying itself. His response to the mass slaughter taking place in Europe was to move towards a 'perfect androphobia'. Ferocious desires for some sort of mass extermination possessed him, and his statements on the war became increasingly apocalyptic:

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> Even if *this* war ends in our lifetime, war in the same sort will go on. The process of violent death will possess humanity for many a generation yet, till there are only a few remaining of these hordes: a slow, slow flood of death will drown them all. I am glad, for they are too corrupt and cowardly.

This prophetic fury stemmed in large part from his personal circumstances. The beginning of the war coincided with Methuen's rejection of *The Rainbow*; in November 1915, six weeks after its eventual publication, it was suppressed. Methuen repudiated the book, and attempts to set up a campaign of support met with indifference or hostility from most of the literary establishment. (J. C. Squire, literary editor of the NEW STATESMAN, called it 'a bad novel' containing 'opinions unpalatable to me and tendencies that I personally believe to be unhealthy'.) *The Signature,* Middleton Murry's venture, in which Lawrence planned to air his political writings, died after one issue and before the second part of Lawrence's essay 'The Crown' could be printed. *Twilight in Italy* was a commercial failure, *Look! We have come through!* was badly reviewed and then ignored, and *Women in Love*, dogged with threats of libel from Ottoline Morrell, and too much of a risk for any English publisher, was not to be printed until 1920 in New York.

Lawrence's financial distress was continuous. In 1914 he had to pay £140 costs for Frieda's divorce from Weekley, and *The Rainbow*'s suppression meant 'five years of penury'. He depended, mostly with savage resentment, on charity and patronage. In 1914 and again in 1918 he got 'a miserable £50 from that dirty Royal Literary Fund'. There were occasional gifts from literary grandees – Amy Lowell, Arnold Bennett, Bernard Shaw ('I suppose I can't refuse,' he said of his five pound donation, 'but as the love of money grows on me you cannot imagine what a pang it costs me') – but his whole income from writing in 1918 was only about £30. The search for a cheap and peaceful home took the Lawrences to eight addresses in four years; and his bitterness was much intensified by the severest blow of these years, their expulsion by the local authorities from their Cornish cottage. To be suspected of spying because Frieda was German and they had some peculiar friends exacerbated Lawrence's loathing of militarism and nationalist 'social passion'. Delany draws Lawrence's response from the description of Somers leaving Cornwall in *Kangaroo* ('this was one of his serious deaths in belief'), though he's perhaps a little too ready here (and when providing the background to the characters in *Women In Love*) to use the novels as sources of biographical data.

Lawrence sought consolation in love and friendship, and in the vision of a community of like-minded souls starting a new life far away from England – 'Rananim', a Utopian fantasy which he never abandoned, though the destination and the personnel might change. But these consolations make the most painful reading of all. His marriage is described as 'a domestic war of attrition'. (Oddly, it's the least vivid part of Delany's narrative: he seems to fight shy of it, though he documents energetically enough the intense dislike felt by most of Lawrence's friends for Frieda.) Lawrence's violent disgust at Cambridge and Bloomsbury 'beetles', his unsatisfactory and inhibited relationship with Murry, his quarrels with Ottoline, have been much written about. But Delany sets them in the context of a repeated pattern, which he describes very clearly:

> Even in his self-imposed isolation he longed for a few companions who would share his bleak outlook and his conviction that only a radical transformation could save England. When he found such disciples he became euphoric, convinced that they would be 'unamimous' with him in action; but his elation would be replaced by an equally profound rage and depression when the views of his followers diverged in any way from his own. Those who were acclaimed as disciples were, before too long, anathematised as heretics and cast forth. Moreover . . . when he quarrelled with one intimate, he was led to demand more support and sympathy from each of those who remained – who were then all the more likely, under this increased strain, to draw the line against his encroachments.

The attacks Lawrence made on the people he was interested in are nothing short of fearsome. Delany gives a particularly full account of the relationship with Bertrand Russell, a furious and brief attempt to undermine the philosopher's liberal pacificism:

> You are too full of devilish repressions to be anything but lustful and cruel. I would rather have the German soldiers with rapine and cruelty than you with your words of goodness.

Russell said that the letter made him contemplate suicide for 24 hours. Even Forster, mildest of men, was moved to write indignantly after a weekend of being relentlessly attacked by Lawrence: 'I do not like the deaf impercipient fanatic who has nosed over his own little sexual round until he believes that there is no other path for others to take' – a letter which suggests how much Lawrence's quarrels with other men arose from his violent, self-defensive prejudice against homosexuality. But it wasn't surprising that so few 'disciples' stayed the course. What they had to put up with is summed up by Lawrence's comment on the reappearance of an old friend: '. . . a bit disgusted with him. But I must see him again, if only to abuse him'. Impossible not to exclaim against the dishonour done to a great prophetic genius in his own country; out of the question not to say in the same breath, as Buck Mulligan said to Stephen Dedalus, 'O, an impossible person!'

Ken Coates

Case Unproven

The Case for Workers' Co-ops by ROBERT OAKESHOTT *Routledge* £7.95
The Politics of Industrial Relations by COLIN CROUCH *Fontana* £1.50

Mr Oakeshott eschews dogmatic commitment to left, or, on the other hand, to right. He abhors 'the organised bureaucracy of capital' only slightly less than that 'of the labour unions'. 'A plague on both your houses' is his war-cry, although we may, after reading him, be forgiven for interpreting it as a plague-

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and-a-half on one house, and half a plague, with suitable medication, on the other. 'Small is beautiful' is too extreme a banner for such a warrior of the golden mean, who goes to battle under the flag of 'medium-sized enterprise' to secure moderate efficiency in a not immoderately unjust society.

There are today two schools of industrial democrats. On one side there are those who preach their doctrine in order the sooner to bring about democracy in industry. On the other side there are those who preach it in order the better to prevent industry from being democratised. Robert Oakeshott, for my money, belongs at heart to the second contingent. Nearly 20 years ago he co-authored a (better-written) book on the unions which accused one team of shop stewards of 'racketeering' because they had efficiently raised funds (£7,000 per annum or more) for their union activities, ran a local newspaper and maintained an office of their own. 'The headquarters of the respective unions' he then wrote (referring without obvious disapproval to the 'organised bureaucracy' of the late Lord Carron), 'had no say in the distribution of this money at all.' A subsequent scholarly study of strikes in the motor industry made this account of what was actually happening look somewhat silly, but meantime the argument had moved on, and the union hierarchs were no longer a solid barrier to the random libertarian initiatives of their unruly members. Some incipient labour barons, indeed, had themselves succumbed to the disorders of syndicalism and workers' control, while others were evidently more concerned with the pursuit of relevant quangos in which to hibernate than with the quelling of tumults among their mutinous constituents.

It was at this point that worker co-operatives began to attract attention in wider circles than those of the determined minorities of socialists and radicals. Knit with a reassertion of market sovereignty, co-operatives could be seen as offering a new model, outside the mind-sharpening polarities of an economy increasingly dominated by a shrinking handful of transnational companies. More than half British manufacturing output was already controlled by the top hundred companies: in 20 out of 22 sectors of the economy, half the relevant assets were in the hands of six firms or less.

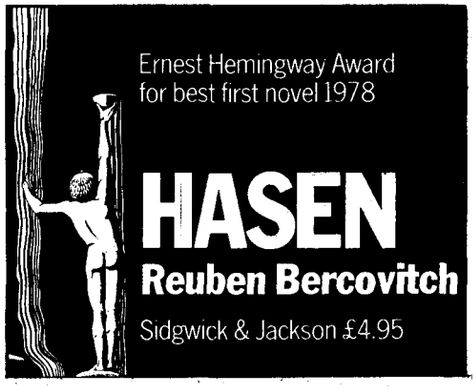
Short of the arrival of a delivering Ayatollah, this huge force offers a continuing confrontation to all forms of democracy in Britain, whether in trade union branches or at the level of the implementation of governmental policies on taxation or industry. If this is so, no policy of economic democracy can be effective until it takes on the task of rendering accountable all the existing centres of power, and this will not be thinkable without a strategy involving several co-ordinated approaches, at the distinct levels of legislation, public enterprise, trade union initiative, and independent citizens' action. If co-ops fit into the last of these strands of commitment, their role might well be exemplary and therefore of great moral significance: but it will not be likely to be physically very large. Neither will it find many markets in which it has unrestricted play. Wherever an honest penny may be turned, it is odds-on that an honest multinational is already turning it, tax-free and transfer priced.

Not content with dousing his co-ops in the invigorating water of market-pressures, Mr Oakeshott would then strap them into some very conventional assumptions about the need 'for semi-autonomous management functions'. Bluntly, this need is completely unproven, and likely to be false. What new co-ops tend to lack is *any* kind of management skill, and what they want is efficient organisation, which might be wholly the better for being the less 'autonomous'. The failure of two of the three governmentally-sponsored co-ops (the 'Benn' experiments at Kirby and the *Scottish Daily News*) had a great deal to do with lack of capital, and more with the unsatisfactory inherited product-mixes which dominated them; but there is no real evidence that more rigorous management 'science' would have helped where lack of cash was hindering. What Oakeshott diagnoses as 'overmanning' must seem very different to people in Liverpool, facing prewar rates of mass unemployment in a context in which the very existence of the Kirby Co-op had to be attributed to the priority struggle to defend jobs. If Oakeshott has nonetheless given us an informative account of parts of the co-operative experience, not only in Britain, but also in France, Italy and Spain, he has also set it outside and against any more general underpinning movement for social and industrial democracy.

If *The Case for Workers' Co-ops* leaves industrial democrats too small a space to grow between the oligarchies, the *Politics of Industrial Relations* leaves them none at all. Colin Crouch sees only four available options. If the nature of the system is liberal, then we get free collective bargaining if the unions are strong, and neo-laissez faire if they are weak. If the nature of the system is corporatist, then we get bargained corporatism if the unions are strong, and straight corporatism if they are weak.

Free collective bargaining is seen as leading to inflation, chaos and disarray. Neo-laissez faire (or Thatcherism?), not what it seems, involves a government in securing a degree of dictatorial immunity from democratic pressures for full employment or adequate welfare provision. Only this can permit monetarist controls to work their unaided way through the economy, and it will not prove possible while the unions remain strong. Corporatism in which, it is reported, Len Murray 'cannot see anything wrong', has held sway 'since 1976: a combination of monetarism with more or less co-operative trade unions offering wage restraint'.

The last option, 'bargained corporatism', is what we must expect, and Mr Crouch thinks that we can probably learn to like it: workers should accept more sacrifices in exchange for 'a share in economic policy-making'. (Why is not entirely clear, unless their 'share' is to be somewhat less than dominant.) This model seems to consist of more involvement by some union officials in sector working parties, and an even lusher opening up of quangos. But surely it is possible that de-industrialisation, the continuous crisis of competitivity in British manufactures, and the renewed world slump might provoke us to invent other choices? A tolerable, attainable democratic socialism, for example?



Valentine Cunningham

Foetality

All Strange Away by SAMUEL BECKETT *Calder* £4.50
Ghost Story by PETER STRAUB *Cape* £5.50
Lamaar Ransom Private Eye by DAVID GALLOWAY *Calder* £5.95

T. S. Eliot in 1921 thought it 'likely that poets in our civilisation, as it exists at present, must be *difficult*'. And no modernists have striven harder at proving Old Possum was on to the truth than the most famous Black Irish turn on our stage, Jimmy and Sam. Being difficult can, of course, take you different ways. Catholic Jimmy's *Finnegans Wake* balloons baroquely, a Fat Boy fiction, monstrously punny, endlessly funny. Protestant Sam thins and tightens, cheeseparing grimly, cutting his people and texts puritanly back. His way, difficulty is not a joke: it comes dear (*All Strange Away* will drain, as well as fit into, your pocket book), and it's not meant to endear.

All Strange Away dates from the early Sixties, when Beckett had about reached the blackest hour before the recent slight lurch into a little more light and motion. It's a drama of endured negatives: never see, never find, no end, no matter, no sound, no more, no good, no paper, no pins, not here. Living is death (a shroud is worn), a crucifixion ('nail him to this'), Hell. The fiction's space starts cramped and shrinks still more confiningly, an ever tinier cube, eventually a womb squeezing in Emmo and Emma. Folded, Emma loses feet of body-length; hair and eye-lashes go, facial features blank out. Foetality, if not fatality. 'No way in, none out': like the hyper-manic's padded cell in *Murphy* (or Murphy's mind), this is solipsistic space. Emmo and Emma, mirror-reflections of each other, are bounded by each other's lubricious fantasies. In fact, they're sentenced by their own sentances, their own greedy word-making ('talking to himself in the last person'), to inhabit a written space, a world of 'tattered syntaxes'.

Mere writtenness, then, the circular textuality of this text, is being signalled. Emmo and Emma imagine and write each other as Beckett imagines and writes them. And these words and conceptions delude. The alphabet implodes, fading 'in simple sighing sound black vowel a', and what we supposed Emma to be holding is ultimately denied us: 'never more sprayer bulb or punctured rubber ball and nothing ever in the hard lightly closed on nothing'. All that was just a 'sop to mind faint'; the fiction dies away on its last word

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'dead'. 'Imagination dead' then? But even this negating, the opening words insist, has to be imagined: 'Imagine dead imagine'. Writing out, it appears, might actually survive attempts at writing off.

Beckett represents full-on rebarbative *textualité*, sturdily refusing us the traditional consolations of plot and character; Peter Straub demonstrates how the modernist refusal kit can be played in a novel that also grants more conventional pleasures. The evil that terrorises New England's Milburn during a particularly snowed-in winter enacts the fictions of novelist Don Wanderley, and the dreams and stories of the Elderly Chowder Society. 'Are you saying that events in this town are occurrences from an unwritten book?' a sceptic sneers. Yes, replies the novel, and not just from unwritten tales. Aged Mr James and Mr Hawthorne are central story-tellers in Milburn; Wanderley lectures on Hawthorne; James turns in a startlingly hair-tingling pastiche of *The Turn of the Screw*. Invoking and re-enacting the American ghost classic, bringing it up to date, plugging it into Hollywood's dealings with spooks, *Ghost Story* makes a point about the American imagination. 'I think it is a very American sort of story', a German opines, '*echt Amerikanisch*'.

As in Poe or Henry James or even Eliot, the ghosts who throng these pages as blood-sucking werewolves are evil doubles, *Doppelgänger* insisting 'I am you'. Events are a game, played by ghostly punners, witty shapechangers, nipping from fiction to fiction, making novels come true. Here, if anywhere, we're made to glimpse that modern desideratum, the ludic novel. But these ghosts are also unplayful: unludicly they kill, inspire people to suicide and to savage their children, and must be themselves chopped to messes in a bloodily cinematic climax. This novel frightens. Novocaine moments abound whose horror rivals the best chillers. Straub is particularly good at the spooky search: slow probes into haunted and haunting houses, compelling the reader up unimaginable stairs and into unspeakable cellars. Once again, as in his *Julia*, sharp knives and children are brought shockingly together. The novel opens horrifyingly with a little girl, trussed up and threatened by a knife: must she, we wonder, go the way of diabolic little Fenny Bate? Here, over the problem of evil, fiction converges on reality. Convincingly, if stomach-churningly, Peter Straub has managed – like the best myths – to have it both ways.

A resourceful shapechanger himself, David Galloway this time turns his hand to the Private Dick genre. And he gives his elegant Chandler tribute a nice twist in the, so to say, tail. Investigative Lamaar is a woman. She's also a lesbian. What's more, her assistant Lavender is a black male gay. It makes for still more sexy smart-assing than usual. Lavender gets turned on by meaty soldiers (the novel is set in the second world war), leaving the girls to Lamaar. To be sure, she has a run-in with a rich shoe-drooling wanker, but that's strictly business – and she is shoe-horned into Lavender's slinkiest red taffeta at the time. The money-pots turns out a red-herring baddy-wise. The plot is lousy like that: zilch off the final band. A shame, for *Lamaar Ransom* catches the genre's toughie talk most winningly: 'somewhere beyond ripe but still this side of withered'; 'more curves than Brooklyn Dodgers ever dreamed of'; 'catching a few bloodshot winks'.

John Wells

Review of Reviews

A Perfect Vacuum by STANISLAW LEM translated by Michael Kandel *Secker & Warburg* £4.95

Stanislaw Lem, I can only assume from internal evidence, must be a close friend of his contemporary and compatriot the Pope. *Ex oriente*, as he would put it, in a text littered with Latin, French, German and no doubt, in the original, English-American tags, *salus*: salvation from the East, twin stars heralding the new Polish dawn. Because behind all the astonishingly intricate defences, funny voices and general self-mockery, including a cod review of the book itself – the only one of the 16 pieces it contains to be signed by the author – Lem seems to be a man Malcolm Muggeridge would love: a moralist profoundly troubled by theology.

From the enthusiastic response to earlier work printed on the back of the dust-jacket it would appear that Lem is already well-established with the English reading public. I had not read him before, and the first shock is to find a man working in Cracow who is so passionately Western European in his literary interests: *A Perfect Vacuum* consists, in addition to the mock review of itself, of 15 more reviews of fictitious books, and they are imagined to have been published in Frankfurt, Berlin, Paris, Milan, London and New York. The second shock, probably more violent and revealing for the working hack than for the reader in search of entertainment, is at the brilliance of the idea: all our traditional excuses, as working humorists, for our failure to impinge on the international consciousness – lack of a five-million dollar budget and an adoring film crew or the necessary stamina to produce a major novel a year – crash like ninepins as the twinkling-eyed Pole sends the full synopsis of a Buñuel film rumbling down, wrapped up as a novel review, in the space of twenty pages.

To get the carping out of the way first, the review form also has its disadvantages. Lem himself, tongue in cheek and dodging behind the literary scenery, pays homage to Rabelais and Borges, and claims, in his role as critic, that 'it is possible, with a book, to rearrange the furniture inside a reader's head'. More ecstatic fans here have mentioned Swift. But the point about great imaginative writers who have dramatised metaphors and paradoxes, or introduced us to mad worlds with the intention of moving our mental furniture, is that they have dared to expose their narrator or commentator to the horrors of the world they have created: Gulliver shrinking back in his travelling box in the Land of Brobdingnag at the sight of a cancerous breast magnified to 12 times life size, or Alice terrified of mentioning Dinah the cat for fear of offending a mouse as big as a hippopotamus. The dramatic relationship between the reviewer and the author reviewed is not without possibilities – critic settling old scores with author, critic talking exclusively about himself, critic trying to be clever – but it hasn't really got the emotional power to shift the furniture and keep it shifted. As a result, a lot of the 'reviews', like the dramatically weaker parts of *Gulliver's Travels*, are little more than catalogues of furniture-shifting ideas, without the imaginative energy to put them into practice.

On the other hand it is clearly no coincidence that Lem should have chosen the role of critic in writing a work of fiction. The glib, intellectual, philosophical Lem obviously gives the vulnerable, imaginative Lem one hell of a time, and crippling scissor-snips at the writer's most sensitive parts occur on practically every page: a scheme is proposed to pay writers a pension not to write; the title itself, *A Perfect Vacuum* – pseudo-Lem, the self-reviewer explains – means 'a book about nothing'. ' A doctor,' he says elsewhere (Lem himself having begun life as a doctor) 'is not a parasite: his work is real. What, in comparision does a writer produce?' The result, particularly in the pieces devoted to literary pastiche, like *Gigamesh*, where the translator Michael Kandel – does such a man exist, is he yet another mirror-image of Lem? – has to wrestle with tenfold English puns to parody the extremes of Joyce Criticism, is at times a shrill and sterile.

Goodies, however, abound. Lem finds himself commercially in a dangerous no-man's land, somewhere between the comedy of despair and up-market science fiction, but some of his images have sufficient force to give the furniture of the mind a solid jolt, if not actually to shift it. The German war criminal who sets up a 17th-century royal court in the South American jungle, with ex-Gestapo drivers adopting titles ,taken off French wine labels; Robinson Crusoe's clothes laid out by an imaginary butler called Snibbens; Fate as operated in America by three competing mail-order companies; the play of probability in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the odds against the existence of any individual calculated back to the chance coupling of mammoth-hunters on the site of modern Prague; the inhabitants of a laboratory micro-universe, discussing their maker until the electricity bills dictate their being switched off; and finally, in a theological fantasy worthy of Teilhard de Chardin, our own universe seen as a game played by advanced civilisations perceptible to us only as conflicting laws of physics – a game played over and over again, until the lights go out?

CHRISTOPHER LEOPOLD
LOONEY-HIME
'A crackling vision of the lunacy of war.'
The Observer
HAMISH HAMILTON £5.50

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Letter from Bologna

Adrian Lyttelton

The Strategy of Tension

I first got to know Bologna four years ago, and the surface of life has not changed much since then. It is still a tightly knit, sociable city and the streets are not deserted at night, as one hears they are in parts of Milan or Rome. Communism and solid middle-class prosperity have here long ago learned to live with each other. However, there is another side to Bologna, and that is the University. It may be the oldest in Europe, but its age doesn't matter much compared with the fact that, with 60,000 students, it shares the general conditions of abominable overcrowding and chaos which afflict most Italian universities.

The cost of living is high, and most of the students are poor and without prospects. The problems of Southern immigration, which Bologna has been lucky enough to avoid till recently, have penetrated the city through the University rather than the factory. Two years ago the University exploded after a student, Francesco Lorusso was killed by the police. The events were traumatic: before the riots were over the government had sent in tanks and the image of the orderly city-state so successfully cultivated by the Communist administration had suffered a severe fracture. The mayor was accused of having shown the students insufficient sympathy and of having adopted as an alibi the 'plot thesis', according to which the riots had been secretly instigated by the CIA. Last year I found that intellectuals were still far more interested in debating these points than in the Moro kidnapping.

In one of his recent books the novelist Sciascia tells the story of a conspiracy in the 1860s in which a leading nobleman of Sicily was accused of having organised a series of apparently random stabbings in order to discredit the new Italian government (which had made him a senator). If Sciascia has returned with almost obsessive insistence to similar themes, the reason is not difficult to find. Italy is the country where paranoia is often justified, where conspiracies seem to take on the fantastic contours of Chesterton's *Man Who Was Thursday*. Ever since the discovery of the 'strategy of tension', and the involvement of the Italian secret service with neo-Fascist plotters, the suspicion remains that things cannot ever be what they seem, that one of the 'separate bodies of the state' is manipulating terrorism from behind the scenes.

Sciascia once wrote, categorically, that in any case involving politics the truth would never be known. He may have been too pessimistic. This year two trials have at last given a credible account of two of the greatest political mysteries: the bomb explosion in the Agricultural Bank in Milan, and the death of the publisher Feltrinelli. But in one case the truth has taken ten years to come out, and in the other seven. Since Italy is also a country where everyone seems to know a part of the truth, an elaborate network of conjecture and uncertainty is woven around events until the original tragedy almost disappears from sight.

The bookshops have replenished their stock of the treatise on the state by Prof. 'Toni' Negri. This isn't surprising, since the author is still in prison on the charge of being a leader of the Red Brigades, and curiosity about his ideas is keen. Italian intellectuals are now divided between *innocentisti* and *colpevolisti*, those who sign appeals demanding that the magistrates produce their evidence at once or let Negri and his friends go, and those who are disposed to believe in the truth of the accusations. The Communists are prominent among the latter. The exasperating slowness of Italian judicial procedures and the notorious political partiality of many magistrates doesn't make it easy to wait for the facts to come out.

One of the oddest features of the case is the story of the dinner party arranged for Negri to meet the magistrate Alessandrini, who was later killed by the Red Brigades. The occasion seems to have been friendly, and the meticulous reconstruction of the evening, down to the type of *pasta* eaten, may prove to be quite irrelevant. All one can say is that the incident and the way it has been investigated are typical of the strange mixture of ideological hatred and personal amiability, extreme liberalism and unpredictable repression, which now prevails.

Prof. Sabino Acquaviva, a sociologist also from Padua, has written an interesting book in which he explains the two alternative strategies of terrorism: that of the Red Brigades, based on clandestine armed struggle, and that of the *Autonomi* groups, based on a combination of open agitation and sporadic urban guerrilla actions. He warned that the diffusion of the second type of terrorism might be a more serious threat. Now it is suggested that the two movements are different instruments of the same strategy. The *Autonomi* in this view were to serve as the 'water' within which the Red Brigades could swim, to expand the area of revolt, and to create a reservoir of recruitment. Prof. Acquaviva regards the two movements as quite separate in their inspiration; not surprisingly, he is among the *innocentisti*.

Part of the difficulty in deciding who is involved in what comes from the notorious tendency of left-wing groups to generate through fission like amoebae. Yesterday's revolutionaries become today's traitors. A journalist, Giorgio Manzini, has written a biography of the 20-year-old *brigatista* Walter Alasia, killed by the police in December 1976. Alasia came to the Red Brigades step by step, from agitation for equal marks in school through street battles with the neo-Fascists to the final choice of armed struggle. The honesty and value of the book lies in its refusal to give explanations: the usual interpretations fail miserably to seize the reality of an individual case like this. Alasia was the normal child of a model working-class family, Communist but without a particular history of militancy or revolutionary disillusionment. His parents seem to have left him plenty of freedom, and he was an affectionate son. But he believed the family must be destroyed, and of the various publications he read the one which left most mark, a journal called *Bread and Roses*, insisted on the inadequacy of the old-style politics which refused to consider personal and sexual problems. The stereotypes don't apply: this was no thwarted neurotic or temperamental fanatic. Rather, the frustrations he experienced seem to have arisen from the increasing sense of the futility of the radical movements of 'contestation' which had, nonetheless, provided him with a culture of hope.

I've read comments in English newspapers which make the Italian terrorists out to be the usual rich romantics playing at being working-class. Unfortunately it isn't true. Most, as far as one can see, are of working-class or still more lower-middle-class origins. The leaders and doctrinaires often seem – like the founder Renato Curcio – to have started out as committed Catholics: it is ironic but probable that the 'historic compromise' has been peculiarly disagreeable to those who have turned to Marxism from a religious background.

The major change one notes in Italian intellectual life is that Leninism and even Marxism are no longer sacred and inviolable (some have gone as far as to criticise Gramsci, but this is still a dangerous enterprise). Pessimists predicted that with the *compromesso storico* the intellectuals, always at the service of power, would hasten to get on to the Communist bandwagon and free thought would be crushed between two orthodoxies. A sympathetic treatment of the Counter-Reformation by a leading literary intellectual of the PCI chilled liberal spines. But what has actually happened has been quite the reverse. As the party came nearer to power, it alienated some of its long-standing sympathisers. Sciascia resigned from the Communist group in the Palermo city council, and this year he is standing for parliament on the Radical list. The ambiguities of Eurocommunism have encouraged questioning of the party's principles and its past, and the main contribution has come from intellectuals close to the Socialist party. Moreover, within the Communist party itself internal dissent is franker and expressed more freely.

Geoffrey Grigson

Stately Home

Patrons paid – and ill –
For poems, music, palaces,
Fountains, parterres and gods and nymphs,
From crops, rents, pigeon-house and mill.

We walk, for a fee, their alleys still.
Bees cruise their linden trees, arrows
Point tastefully to what was only theirs.
The car park is too full.

Pastoral pranks of Jacks with Lady Jill
Are told by beds, and Boucher's
Rosy hangings. On a green morocco
Table lies a golden quill.

Inside their chapel, locked behind a grille,
Those first rogues continue condescending,
At ease, in Roman guise. And as before
We others foot the bill.

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One of the features of the Left's self-criticism has been a new look at the relationship between the Communist party and the intellectuals in the Stalinist period. It is all too easy, of course, to compile an anthology of embarrassing tributes: the painter Guttuso perhaps deserves first prize for his commemoration of the death of Zhdanov:

> I believe that neither Sacha Fadeev nor I will ever forget the choir of owls which rose from the ruins of Wroclaw, the night that the heart of Andrei Zhdanov stopped . . . Zhdanov was dead; he was, as everyone knows, one of the best men in the world: one of the Bolsheviks made out of crystal, pure and hard as crystal.

It is true that compared with other Communist leaders of the time Togliatti's dealings with the intellectuals were subtle and relatively tolerant, in the manner of a severe but ultimately benevolent uncle. However, a collection of the articles he wrote under the pseudonym 'Don Rodrigo' reveals a schoolmasterly confidence in imposing his own cultural preferences. The intellectuals he favoured were, especially, the philosophers and historians from the school of Benedetto Croce; for modern poetry and abstract art he had little sympathy. Optimism, the positive hero, the condemnation of the 'subjective' and the 'decadent'; all these commonplaces were purveyed by the responsible critics and cultural organisers of the party. The original approaches to popular culture and the world of magic and fable in the writings of Carlo Levi or Italo Calvino, or the discovery of the Roman *borgate* and their speech by Pasolini, all fell under the accusation of 'aestheticism'. And yet one can't imagine the vitality of Italian culture without the political experiences of this period, in which so many writers were drawn to Communism, above all by the hope of prolonging the feeling of solidarity with the working class experienced during the Resistance. For the cinema and the theatre, moreover, the restrictions imposed by the party line were light compared with the threat posed by an official censorship often inspired by the worst kind of provincial Catholic prudery. New departures whose end results were condemned by party orthodoxy nonetheless owed their origin to political commitment.

What Italian intellectuals seem most to regret in retrospect (and this goes for many Communists) is the prolongation of a certain tendency to provincialism which had, of course, been fostered by the Fascist regime. Foreign innovations, particularly in the human sciences, were not welcomed by the Church, or by the Party, or by Croce: all were agreed in keeping social science, anthropology, or psychoanalysis at bay. As a result the last few years have seen a somewhat desperate rush to catch up to *aggiornarsi*. Italian culture has become receptive to a fault; nowhere else is so much translated so quickly. One of the problems the Communist party has is to come to terms with this new culture. The Socialists are better placed in this respect, but few people have any confidence in their leadership. The dominant mood among intellectuals at the moment is one of disillusionment, and 'the return to private life' is discussed on the Left in sombre terms. Compared with the high enthusiasm of 1976, the attitude to the coming elections seems almost English. Meanwhile, the Red Brigades have opened *their* electoral campaign. At the moment, Italian culture can neither live with politics nor without it.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Spurling

Getting the Hang

Tate 79 *Tate*
211th Summer Exhibition *Royal Academy*

The Tate's newly-opened extension is as nearly as possible an absence of architecture. There is nothing to see outside except a long, blind wall, which might equally house an interrogation centre, an arsenal or the gold reserves. Inside there is a set of 21 identical square boxes (removable partitions can turn them into rectangles), which, like perfect civil servants, provide their masters, the Modern Collection, with space, light and protection. The thing is less a building than a custom-designed packet; the architects could have gone no further in self-effacement. But if we have not got a gallery that is a pleasure in itself, like the Sainsbury Centre in Norwich, we have at least avoided another Hayward, with its obtrusive car-park concrete and complete lack of daylight. The Tate's Conservation Department, perhaps softened by being given its own new block of offices and studios, has allowed the lighting to be improved everywhere; in the extension it consists of a sophisticated, automatically-controlled combination of natural and artificial light.

The glory of the Tate's celebratory display of some 1,000 20th-century works is its hanging. It was done by the Deputy Keeper of the Modern Collection, Richard Morphet, with the help of Ruth Rattenbury, and its virtue chiefly consists, as I suggested when I wrote about the re-hanging of the old galleries, in marrying the development of individual artists to the distinctions between art-historical movements. Thus in the combined Galleries 40 and 41 (International Abstraction up to 1939), an early Ben Nicholson is hung in company with two Moynihan abstracts of the same period, all three paintings using similar colours and a fluid technique. In the same room, on another wall, hangs Nicholson's great hard-edged *Painting 1937*, a substantial British reply to the three Mondrians further along the same wall. Three rooms later Moynihan reappears, with his splendid group-portrait of the staff at the Royal College of Art and other post-war figurative works, in the company of the Euston Road School (Coldstream, Pasmore, etc.); while in Gallery 49 there is Pasmore turned Neo-Constructivist and sharing a wall with Nicholson. Follow the wall and the line of Nicholsons into Gallery 50 and you find yourself amongst the St Ives contingent – Lanyon, Hilton, Heron, Frost, Hepworth and the rest. Hepworth of course is no surprise. She has been level-pegging all the way with Nicholson, just as Moore, whose own special gallery lies just beyond, has already appeared amongst the Surrealists as well as the British War Artists during his progress from International Abstraction.

This sort of imaginative juxtaposition and especially the way paintings by minor artists, such as Ithell Colquhoun and Merlyn Evans among the Surrealists, are used to substantiate a movement which might otherwise seem to consist of too many eccentric generals (Ernst, Dali, Magritte, Klee, Miró) makes the whole collection look far less impersonal than it ever has before. The sculptures are particularly well used too. They and the paintings work off one another, so that the effect is of rooms inhabited and closely attended to. The collection is, of course, too stacked with masterpieces – look at that corner alive with Mondrians, Kandinskys, Brancusis and a recently acquired Malevitch – and too extensive to be confused with even the grandest private collection, but it has the air of being loved and it even makes you feel well-disposed towards art-historical categorisations. The Tate has published two new books and a pamphlet to help you on your way; none is much more than a rapid shower of salient facts, but the anonymous *Illustrated Companion* (£1.75) is better value than Simon Wilson's slightly fuller *British Art* (Tate Gallery and Bodley Head, £10) and has the extra advantage of treating a few of the more important works individually.

The sensitivity of the hanging obscures to some extent the weaknesses in the collection. Here is a room well filled with Bacons but including none of his popes. There, the far corner of the extension (the only gallery that does not also act as a passageway) is transformed by the nine great maroon Rothkos, given by the artist, into the most other-worldly place in London; but the adjoining collection of American Abstract Expressionists is pitifully inadequate. Wouldn't one write off as internationally provincial a national collection which possessed hardly more than one example of each major Cubist or Post-Impressionist? There is a room of Giacomettis and another containing Gabo's munificent 1977 gift of 69 sketches, models and finished works, but only one painting each (both stunners and both acquired before Sir Norman Reid became Director) by Morandi and Balthus. In the Dada and Surrealist galleries, the Klees, de Chiricos and Schwitters are disappointing. The holding of St Ives artists has been improved by a recent bequest, but there has been too much concentration on Hilton (eight bought in the last 15 years) at the expense of the much more remarkable Lanyon (two bought, two given).

Some of these gaps can no doubt be filled in time, though it's hard to see how we can now afford or perhaps even lay hands on the Americans. The real failure of the last 15 years is the collection of work by British artists under 60. David Hockney accused the Tate under Sir Norman Reid of buying abstracts rather than figurative works. It has certainly never bought one of his, though it possesses two of his paintings, three drawings and the *Rake's Progress* prints (hung, with other samples from the new Prints Collection,

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in the L-shaped corridor which joins the new building to the central spine of the old). Of course it has bought some figurative paintings, notably a Kitaj, two Auerbachs, three Peter Blakes, four Patrick Caulfields and six Richard Hamiltons; but when one comes to list those artists born since the first world war who have sold four or more works to the Tate, the essential truth of Hockney's indictment emerges. Apart from Caulfield and Hamilton, they are all non-figurative.

In itself that would be no bad thing, since, with the exception of Hockney, the strongest British painting of the last 15 years has been predominantly abstract. But to consider the roll-call of the Tate's most-favoured artists is to see that it has not only not bought the strongest works but has deliberately gone for the bland, the uncommunicative, the unambitious and occasionally the quirky. This is not immediately obvious in the galleries themselves, which are dominated by several huge and highly ambitious works: Caro's *Early Morning*, Phillip King's *Nile*, Bridget Riley's *Late Morning* and John Hoyland's *17:3:69*. There is also Tim Scott's beautiful *Bird in Arras IV*, an arrangement of yellow poles supporting candy-coloured perspex sails. Possibly the hangers were only too aware of the deficiencies in the collection, for one can pass through these galleries almost without noticing that they also contain paintings by Bernard Cohen (six bought), Robyn Denny (seven bought), Ian Stephenson (eight bought) and Richard Smith (nine bought).

The next gallery, however, is devoted to Richard Long (six bought). There are five of his photographs-cum-drawings (records of walks to Ben Nevis or round Cerne Abbas) on the walls and a symmetrical arrangement of stones on the floor. Here is the heart of the Tate's contemporary buying policy. Long's work is not entirely negligible nor is it a con, but by the standards of a collection such as one has just passed through it's parochial, dull, twee, footling, the equivalent, say, of the Bloomsbury painters whom the Tate, as I pointed out in my previous article, has also been buying in unnecessarily large quantities. Actually the Duncan Grant *de nos jours* seems to be William Turnbull (four bought, 12 given). His work – both painting and sculpture – is of such flexibility that it can make itself invisible in Gallery 57 with the American Post-Painterly Abstractionists, in Gallery 55 with the British Abstractionists of the Sixties, in Gallery 27 with the Pop Painters and again a little further on with the Minimalists.

The crux of the matter, then, is not Carl Andre's *Equivalent VIII* (the Bricks) and the other amusements in the conceptual gallery or the kinetic gallery in the basement (including and not to be missed Wen-Ying Tsai's *Umbrella* which shivers and twitches its bare ribs when you make a noise). These are examples of what is being done, fragments of a mirror to the age, and are not being bought excessively. Nor is it that the Tate never buys the best contemporary work. The question is why it buys so little of it compared with so much flannel. Riley (whom the Tate still persists in hiving off as an 'Op' painter) and Caro are outstanding artists and in full spate. The Tate owns nothing by either done in the last six years. There are plenty of other less famous but established painters and sculptors, some faintly represented in the collection, some not at all, who are doing original and powerful work, showing it where the Tate buyers can hardly fail to see it and selling to private collectors. Why is the Tate missing it? I would suggest that just as its present authorities prefer to build a non-building, so their taste in contemporary art is for the blank, the unchallenging, the most nearly invisible. They should walk round what, in spite of the aggressive timidity of their predecessors, by the grace of benefactors and the expense of buying late in the day, is after all there to be seen. Bits of it are staggering, nearly all of it is interesting and most of the flannel is stuffing up the storage areas.

The 211th Royal Academy Summer Exhibition is also remarkable this year for its hanging. There are 1,444 exhibits, but they have been less flung together than usual so that, for example, the works of an idiosyncratic painter like Jeffery Camp are allowed to make their effect as a group. Two of Martin Handford's peculiar little battle drawings are included as always. There are two fine portraits of fellow-artists by Moynihan and a set of superb charcoal drawings of trees and crops by Edward Middleditch. Kneale, Pye and Paolozzi dominate the sculpture gallery, which is also much better laid out than usual. I realise that nearly all the artists I have mentioned are RAs or ARAs. That's of course the secret of the arrangement. You'd have to be very good indeed to be noticed there in all that crowd if you weren't an insider.

Television

Julian Barnes

Kissy, Kissy

I'm glad to see that the *cause célèbre* of 1978, the Pizzey affair, is finally moving towards a just and lasting settlement. Regular readers will recall that last April Erin Pizzey was allowed on *Read All About It* (BBC-1) to vent her silly and belligerent views on Defoe and Peter Porter thanks to a scandalous lack of editorial restraint by Ronald Harwood. At the time, this column maintained that the only way for Ronnie to make redress was by inviting Mr Porter on to his show at an appropriate date (for instance, if one of Ms Pizzey's works appeared in paperback). On Sunday, I learn from my *Radio Times*, Mr Porter is to be a panellist on the final *RAAI* of the current series. We shall be watching him carefully, and shall be disappointed in him if he fails to take the opportunity of a critical swat at the doughty wife-shelterer. As for Mr Harwood, his genuine contrition has, we believe, earned him another series in the chair.

As if to compensate this column for the temporary absence of *RAAI*, BBC-2 has generously started up *Word for Word* again: Payneless this time, and also – such is the influence of the NS – minus the Grousers' Slot. The new series will, however, contain a sort of surrogate Grousers' Slot, which has been rented out to Keith Waterhouse. Mr Waterhouse is providing a series of dramatic sketches about the use of language, featuring two characters called Jogran and Hiccle (the implausible names anagram out into 'jargon' and 'cliche'). He began with a trundling scenelet turning on the use by footballers and football supporters of words like 'choked' and phrases like 'over the moon', 'sick as a parrot' and 'the best side won': it seemed a rather belated satirical discovery. I wonder if in the weeks to come Mr Waterhouse will be putting together a sketch about the jargon of popular-press columnists.

For the rest, *WFW* was its usual puzzling macedoine. Angela Carter confirmed how strangely authors read their own work; the NS's *éminence rose*, Arthur Marshall, twinkled briefly; and Peter Grosvenor, literary editor of the *Daily Express*, had a low-calorie disagreement with Nigel Gray, pacifist author of a children's story which Grosvenor claimed was misleading the nation's kids about Northern Ireland. Mr Gray behaved with some restraint against the muffle-head attacks of both Grosvenor and Robinson, who appeared to want this particular piece of children's fiction to depart from the traditions of the genre and deal only in generally-agreed facts provided by the Central Office of Information. Grosvenor ended with a classic sub-Grouse, attacking Gray's 'illiteracy' for using, in a story whose narrator is a ten-year-old working-class boy, phrases like 'Terry and me went out', and putting 'must of' for 'must have'. 'You may think me pompous', Grosvenor remarked, when beginning his complaint. Pompous? We were only planning to say that the literary editor seemed incapable of grasping fiction's simplest mimetic device; but pompous? Oh well, since he insists . . .

Jonathan Dimbleby's first South American report, *Bolivia: The Tin Mountain* (Thames) was spare, harrowing, and induced the sort of non-specific guilt such programmes usually do. While bitching about the rising cost of imported goods, we forget (admittedly, there isn't much incentive to remember) that tin now actually costs less than ten years ago; and that its depressed price translates heartlessly for Bolivian miners into minimal wages and atrocious conditions. Whereas any number of *Guardian* Third World supplements on the subject might leave us unmoved, television has the unique power to make us ponder brutal economic equations by presenting us with unequivocal human evidence. To a background of gravely serene Bolivian faces, Dimbleby reeled off the daunting statistics of a single tin town: one accident last year for every two miners; one miner and one baby buried every day; a 7-day week; a miner's life expectancy – 37 years; 300 tons of rock mined to make one ton of tin; pay, £1 per day. Dimbleby (in gratifying contrast to his last South American report) let these figures do all the bleak moral talking; commentary was otiose.

The Muppets Go Hollywood (ATV) – and given the ironies of television some mogul is even now probably trying to sell it to Bolivian TV – proved the old truth that whoever Goes Hollywood, goes west. That special brand of chippy hostility towards fame which the Muppets normally flaunt had nowhere to go when choice items of Hollywood dross turned out to celebrate them and help promote their film. The Muppets were out-grotesqued, too, by Dick van Dyke, his umber tan warring bizarrely with his bright grey locks (in turn warring with the youthful style his hairdresser had selected for them). A sad hour of schlock was typified by the way Twiggy, Cheryl Ladd and Raquel Welch danced a nervous quartet with

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Miss Piggy, each manifestly aware that there were always going to be three losers in the gathering. The only memorable moment came when Miss Piggy entered on a bier shouldered by four half-naked Egyptian slaves; as she was showered with rose petals she cooed her inevitable 'Kissy, kisseeeeee' at the crowd.

I was rather hoping that my distant cousin Peter Barnes would coo an enraging 'Kissy, kissy' at Wembley's 99,000 Scottish barbarians after he had scored a gratifyingly undeserved equaliser in the England v. Scotland match (*Grandstand*, BBC-1). After the Scots had whistled the national anthem, booed the officials, hissed Keegan every time he touched the ball – not to mention frightened every inhabitant of central London – I thought the match took a truly moral course. In any case, a thoroughly unearned English victory over the Scots is always much more satisfying than a fair one. But what is to be done with Joe Jordan? The pusillanimity of commentators when faced with this cheerless brawler is unbounded. During the Cup Final, John Motson found a couple of softly euphemistic phrases for him: 'Jordan's whole approach to the game is always destined to cause a few cuts and bruises either to himself or the opposition' and 'Jordan, who's been known to leave his foot there'. On Saturday, David Coleman bent over backwards to say what a nice, gentle fellow he is off the pitch; the horribly plain fact is, though, that on the pitch he is a mad brute who gets his retaliation in first. Coleman translated all this as: 'Jordan, a really fearsome opponent when it actually comes to playing.' The trouble is, it usually doesn't get as far as that.

Films

John Coleman

Orient Wheat

Days of Heaven (A) *Plaza 2*
Jeanne Dielman, 23 Quai du Commerce, 1080 Bruxelles *ICA*
The World is Full of Married Men (X) *Classic, Haymarket*
The Shape of Things to Come (A) *Odeon, Marble Arch*

The young American director Terrence Malick's second film brings off the near-impossible: it is even more visually delectable, photographed by Nestor Almendros and Haskell Wexler, than his enticing debut, *Badlands*, of four or five years ago. Dialogue is sparse: for Malick, in the beginning – and the end – is the image. Furnaces flare, a bonfire hurtles sparks, yellow corn tosses and ripples like waves of the sea, a locust fills the screen, and then the screen is crammed with flying locusts, echoing those earlier flying sparks. Objects take on unsettling resonances: a glimpsed scarecrow, a glass abandoned on a river bed, a solitary, gloomy farmhouse against the skyline. And, as in *Badlands*, Malick again has recourse to a voice-over commentary. Then it was Holly, the 15-year-old girl on the run and a cool killing spree with her boyfriend Kit, who provided a sort of romantic-fiction parody: 'Little did I realise that what began in the alleys and backways of this quiet town would end in the badlands of Montana', for instance. In *Days of Heaven*, this function is assigned to a flat-voiced kid, Linda (Linda Manz), with fewer literary aspirations: 'All three of us bin goin' places, lookin' for things, searchin' for things, goin' on adventures.' The other two are her brother Bill (Richard Gere) and his girl Abby (Brooke Adams), whom he passes off – for moral convenience – as another sister. It is 1916, and the trio have fled Chicago after Bill attacked his foreman in a steel foundry. They ride a train hung with fellow-migrants to work in the Texas wheatfields.

Which is where what there is of a story sets up. The rich young farmer (Sam Shepard) is a bachelor with no apparent relatives; he falls for Abby, and Bill – having overheard that the farmer has at most a year to live – lackadaisically pushes Abby towards him. There is a woodland wedding; a honeymoon with Abby happily twirling a parasol; what may be those 'days of heaven' with the false-brother Bill and little Linda lazily installed, harvest over, in the Gothic big house. But the demi-paradise can't endure. 'Con-artists,' warns the farmer's old, loyal foreman, angering his boss while sowing seeds of doubt. Ironically, Abby is meanwhile learning to love her husband. Out shooting with the farmer (we never learn his name), Bill nearly pulls the trigger on him. There is a crazy, gratuitous interlude when some Italian entertainers arrive in a couple of planes and a holiday spirit returns: then Bill abruptly cuts his losses and leaves when they do. Snow comes and the farmer seems to thrive or, as Linda intones, 'he didn't get sicker – he didn't get better'. The kid likes him: 'He taught me keys on the piano and notes. He taught me parts of the globe.' The beautiful framings swiftly follow one another. The corn is green, the corn is orient wheat, and the itinerant workers return: so does Bill, maybe hopefully but, as things turn out, to kiss Abby goodbye. The farmer spots them at it, misconstrues, and then – in a scenario that Malick has fairly planted out with biblical portents and echoes – the locusts come, first spotted singly, soon in a great, devastating rain. 'Smoke 'em out,' orders the farmer; fire quickly ravages the fields; during a set-to against the wild, thrashing activity of the workers, the farmer confronts Bill and Bill accidentally kills him. There is a strange, small idyll on a boat; Bill is caught; Abby entrains with soldiers off to the war; scrawny Linda is last seen escaping from a boarding school, wandering down the road with a friend.

The similarities to *Badlands* hardly need stressing and perhaps should not be stressed. Writing of that, I noted Holly's stilted commentary 'invites an entertained passivity of response'. *Days of Heaven* left me, at any rate, at an even greater distance. The pictures are needle-sharp, cunningly cut together, yet the 'resonances' ultimately go for precious little. My plot-summary is accurate enough but may mislead by failing to intimate how amazingly characterless the principal characters are. Landscapes, machines, even a locust have the greater, swamping reality. This may have been Malick's intention: if so, the result is unsatisfying, at once ephemeral and cloying. Oddly enough, Linda's voice-over is very different this time round from Holly's, a rare, anchoring element at its best, sympathetic to the farmer ('I felt sorry for him, because he had nobody to stand up for him, to be by his side'), apocalyptic about coming events ('There's gonna be creatures runnin' every which way, some of them burnt, half their wings burnin'. People are gonna be screamin' and hollerin' for help'). But, even as she now and then imports a much-needed cohesion to events, in the last resort her useful monotone can only serve to point up how much is missing from the studied fragments so carefully displayed on the screen.

Chantal Akerman's *Jeanne Dielman*, all 198 minutes of it, is an example of what is frequently referred to as 'minimal' cinema. So far as one can make out from previous experience (e.g. the works of Straub), this means that the camera rests for the maximum amount of time on something boring before there is a cut to a new static set-up and a prolonged stare at something even more boring. The idea behind this numb activity is possibly that there is a threshold to *ennui* and, this broached, the viewer breaks through to a fresh apprehension of the quotidian, intensified by the ache in his clenched toes and yawning jaw. Or hers. You already have the address; Jeanne Dielman is stoically embodied by the elegant Delphine Seyrig, here looking drab; Madame Dielman, a widow, has a schoolboy son, babysits for an unseen neighbour and, after spreading a towel on her double bed, opens her legs for regular gentlemen callers of an afternoon. The film's time-span covers a Tuesday (stew and potatoes), Wednesday (wiener schnitzel) and heady Thursday (meat loaf and Jeanne has an orgasm and kills her client with a pair of scissors). This orgasm-bit is bound to strike the serious-minded as an unfortunate bow to crass commercialism on Ms Akerman's part: it kept me hanging in. After the murder, Jeanne sits at a table for five minutes by my colleague Nicholas Wapshott's watch. Relatively speaking, the schnitzel was rather skimped, but I now know how to make a meat loaf.

'Oh, you little minx!' says Anthony Franciosa, married boss of an ad agency, to Sherrie Lee Cronn, a girl who don't care what she do who has just put a bullet through a mirror for larks. Then she gets back in the sack. Franciosa's wife, Carroll Baker, is courted by a *nice* young pop singer, Paul Nicholas, and they have a car exchange. She: 'I think maybe we'd better go.' He: 'Where?' She: 'You can drop me at Harrods.' *The World is Full of Married Men*, drawn by Jackie Collins from her best-seller ('Ugh! I've never read a nastier novel' – the late Tom Driberg), goes from bed to hearse, what with naughty two-way mirrors, Miss Baker nekkid under her mink, a last death. Have fun guessing the dialogue. A below 90 per cent score and you live in a cave. The rolling title to *The Shape of Things to Come*, a largely Canadian length of spacetosh, has two spelling mistakes ('it's' for 'its', and 'dependant') and there is a robot that calls a streaky blonde 'my Dark Lady of the Sonnets'. More mistakes: last week's column was about a larger screen than TELEVISION implied and *I* spell 'dyslexic' like that. Thank you.

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Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Big Daddy

Close of Play *Lyttelton*
The Innocent *Warehouse*
Measure for Measure *Riverside*

'I don't know what it is about Nindy's potty that always brings out the worst in Nanty': why, I wonder, is that insignificant line scrawled in half-legible ballpoint across my National Theatre programme, and rather more indelibly etched into my braincells? Perhaps because it could only be heard and understood in England, a country where major-generals may be called Buffy or Bunny, and their wives Nindy or Nanty or worse, and a national obsession with toilet-training is apt to leave its scars even on the 70- or 80-year-old infant. Or perhaps because the playwright most likely to give it voice was always Simon Gray, that theatrical zoologist with a special interest in the odder, sadder and less appetising habits of the middle class mammal.

Close of Play is packed with characteristically sour-stomached, nostril-wrinkling observation: the unhappy adolescent with a suspect friendship with a younger boy at boarding school; the drunken uncle harking nostalgically back to buggery in the dorm, and then raging impotently at the smell of another man's 'spore' on and in his treacherous wife; the tale of the Welshman who hanged himself with a voluminous suicide note pinned on to his chest, only to have the ink washed away by the rain; and, of course, the cow-mother, pregnant for the umpteenth time, proudly brandishing that brimming chamberpot in everyone else's faces. An acrid, bilious odour begins to drift over the armchairs and muffins, a blend of urine, stale sperm, whisky, sweat, disease, putrefaction: the distinctive perfume of the quintessential Gray play.

There's much about *Close of Play* to remind you of *Otherwise Engaged*, his most successful piece to date: remember the background homosexuality, the boozy intruder and the unfaithful wife, the publisher-protagonist's habit of showering at his squash-club in order to rid himself of the smell of copulation on the office floor, the suicide scrupulously recorded on the telephone answering machine? That, too, had its morbid moments, and it, too, soldered them into a tale whose trend and tenor was disintegration, disaster, and one whose principal themes was withdrawal, detachment. There, the dominant character spent the evening being distracted by the importunacy of everyone else from his one wish, which was to closet himself away with a record of *Parsifal*. Here, he simply sits centre-stage while his family clamours for his attention in ways great and small. He is blamed by one son for having helped to ruin his life, by another for having begotten him at all. He is accused of responsibility for the death of the most gifted and wayward of his progeny, who killed himself on a motorbike. He is told tales of alcoholism, adultery, abortion, sexual scandal, professional disgrace. He is even offhandedly informed that his wife is dying of a brain tumour. Altogether, he has a more than usually Gray day.

Two things make him especially arresting. One is that he is Michael Redgrave, and a very creased, crinkled and spectral-looking Michael Redgrave at that, a choice of casting that gives him enormous emphasis and importance. The other is that he says absolutely nothing until the very end. He listens, absorbs, but makes no attempt to interfere when, for instance, his manic, myopic wife presents a bottle of Scotch to his alcoholic son, who has just revealed that his marriage will collapse if he slips off the wagon. 'Daddy' they call him with frantic persistence, seeming not to notice his Buddah-like silence, and 'daddy' he presumably is in at least two senses: God the father, aloof on Olympus while the human maggots squirm and slither in the bowels of his meaningless universe; and, less spectacularly, the paterfamilias who has rightly or wrongly decided that he is powerless to prevent his agonised brood destroying itself. Both interpretations get some support from his closing line, 'the door is open', which itself has been quaintly intoned in a white-green light by the rest of the cast earlier in the evening. The image suggests youthful hope, but the play also uses it at one symbolic-sounding point to describe the hatchway into the ovens of a crematorium. There are so many opportunities waiting for these privileged people, and they all seem to end in ashes.

It is a bleakish piece, and also, I fear, a slightly disappointing one, duller and less mordantly witty than *Otherwise Engaged*. Certainly, it is more fun to analyse afterwards than see at the time. But the yawn that kept fretting away at my windpipe can't easily be debited against Harold Pinter's direction, which is fluent and sensitive, or against the performers, who include Michael Gambon as a doctor in peril of being struck off, Annie Leon as the family fusspot, and (particularly excellent) John Standing as the soak, alternately maudlin, vengeful, and as amorphous as ectoplasm. And just to make my resistance less explicable, two or three scenes are in Mr Gray's best funny-glum style, notably one in which Mr Gambon describes prescribing a dose of himself for a sexually possessive patient. Yet there are also times when something seems missing, and I can only call it life. Where, for instance, are the consistent inconsistencies in Mr Standing's novelist-wife, a cold, arid bitch determined to sacrifice everything and everyone, including her own embryonic children, to the claims of career? Too often we feel we're being entertained by a wry and sardonic puppeteer who has blocked in all his creatures' emotional moves in advance, a remote deity stringing along his victims to their predestined ends and capable of being surprised by nothing and no one. As I write, a third explanation for Sir Michael's dumb seclusion at the play's centre strikes me: Big Daddy is really Simon Gray.

The title-character in Tim McGrath's *The Innocent* is an aspiring intellectual who begins by spouting quasi-existentialist drivel and tippling pot in the Glasgow of 1960, moves on to the London of 1965 to start a revolutionary rag and harden his drug-intake, and ends up in a Scots hospital, sweating out the cold turkey that has, in a way, been all our lots in the drab 1970s. There are some well-taken encounters, especially those involving a Gorbals hoodlum ignominiously in thrall to as grisly a hag-mother as Oedipal nightmares could invent, and some pleasant if easy satire at the expense of Sixties fads, from shouting 'Right on!' to flaunting military braid; but the effect is too sketchy and also too specialised to amount to what Mr McGrath presumably wants, the emotional history of a decade, from ingenuous optimism to sullen disillusion. It persists in being about a Scotsman, his friends, and their unruly addictions. Director: Howard Davies.

And the director at Riverside is Peter Gill at his most austere, which is Crippsian indeed: little boiling and bubbling of corruption in his Vienna; no sexual anguish and little torment of conscience in Patrick Drury's Angelo; and, from George Baker, an offhand, downbeat Duke, dropping his vowels down his jerkin. Only Helen Mirren, a rigid Isabella who spends the evening interestingly unbending, gives a performance of real note. Still, I caught them all at a preview, and these are early days: things may improve.

Sport

Russell Davies

Calf-Love

☐ Poor old Algy was at the match Somerset chucked last week (*writes Brigadier B. G. Antlers*). Drove up from Honiton or Crediton or somewhere – couldn't have been Surbiton, that's my neck of the woods – with a brand new hip flask and picnic hamper and all the extras. Good seat, sat down, trimmed the end off a Partagas and wallop! the fellow Rose declared. Fortunately there was a doctor on the ground so they weren't long in taking Algy away and naturally I motored across and looked him up in the local sick bay. He looked cheesey, I can tell you. Even in the MCC pyjamas which normally do something for a chap. 'Algy,' I said to his face, as much of his face as I could see, since he had pressed it into the pillow doing a sort of moaning stunt, 'Algy,' I said, appealing to his better nature, 'they have refunded your money.' At this he perked up not at all. Bad sign. Just feebly motioned in the general direction of the old breadbasket. Thinking this was the signal for bedpan fatigue, I was all for grasping the screens and summoning the nurse when I noticed that what Algy had been pointing at had been his Wisden all along, lying in the poor chap's lap.

I gently extricated the volume from the fold of the blanket and found it open at page 514, where a party by the name of Eric Hill passes his considered opinion upon the fortunes of Somerset. It was a bit of a mess, this page. Several bits were so heavily underlined in green biro that it had gone through the paper and ruined some perfectly good Nottinghamshire bowling figures on the other side. One particularly savage exclamation mark had penetrated as far as Northamptonshire. Where he'd found the energy to punch holes in the Almanack after a massive thrombostomy or whatever, I'll never know, but that's Algy. I could see what he meant about Wisders. 'Rose,' it said, 'whose captaincy and general handling of his new position were a happy revelation, learned much. Never before had such careful thought and preparation

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been given to a season; few will recall a better team spirit or optimistic attitude, whatever the situation. Rose also proved' – this was the part where Algy had gone Harry Jabbers with the biro – 'also proved a tactical and strategic captain of uncommon quality.' A bitter pill for Algy to swallow, this (one of many, I imagine) because in a sense, you see, there's no gainsaying it. Rotten though this Rose may be in root and branch, he seems to have ensured a cosy game at home in the next round of the Henson & Bodgers thing for all those dozens upon dozens of Somerset members who are still roughly Al or only walking wounded.

I can't see Algy managing to turn up, quite frankly. I did my best to tune him back in to the general state of play with a series of jocular remarks – you know, 'no Rose without a thorn' type of thing – but the attraction of the pillow proved superior. The only time I thought I saw a familiar twitch of the ginger stripe in his moustache where the snuff goes up was when I sang him a chorus of 'The Yellow Rose of Taunton', the words of which I had composed myself, actually, on the way to the San. I wouldn't like to set it down here. It was pretty vilificatory stuff, as a matter of fact. Notwithstanding, I think it would have done the trick. Would have. But I made the mistake of pressing gifts upon the poor old boy. Calamity. What an ass. Didn't think, you see. To me, it was just a bunch of flowers and a bottle of lime juice. But to poor old Algy it was roses, Roses', all the way. They won't allow him the MCC pyjamas now. Different rules in intensive care.

☐ Many readers, and even an editor or two (*writes Lady Olga Volga*), have asked me if there is any advice I can pass on to Mr and Mrs John Lloyd, the tennis players, in their present run of ill-fortune. Mrs Lloyd, it will be remembered, recently recorded her first defeat for several years on a clay court; and if Mr Lloyd has won a game of any sort in these last months – tennis, marbles, snap, putting the tail on the donkey – his triumph has escaped the notice of the world's press. But already the strawberries are in the shops, and I have despatched my customary jeroboam of onion gargle to that delightful person Dan Maskell. So what can we do, at this late hour, to minimise the likelihood of a connubial humiliation at Wimbledon under unpleasant headlines like 'New Balls Please'?

I fear there is very little to be done. The problem is an unusual one. In the normal way, I would counsel any professional couple to decide at the outset who will be, in the popular phrase, 'wearing the trousers', or, in tennis parlance, shorts. But in the Lloyds' case, one must look deeper, or at any rate lower. What we have here is a pin problem – a little leg dilemma. For a man to embark on marriage with famous legs is rare, and excessively hard on Miss Evert, whose legs are not her strongest feature. Strangely smooth for one so active, they are of triangular outline – tapering, of course, towards the bottom (of the leg) – like a sliver of ripe Brie. They do not have the pleasant muscular embellishments for which her husband's limbs are widely admired. Now this is upsetting to both parties. Mr Lloyd's shapeliness of shank, which suddenly seems inappropriate to the balance of the partnership, now occasions him guilt; while Mrs Lloyd is haunted not by jealousy (she is a sensible girl, and extremely rich) but by the fear that she may have been merely the most serious victim of a worldwide epidemic of calf-love.

In a practical way, I believe that if Mrs Lloyd were to play in socks (so much more flattering to the leg than naked pumps) and if Mr Lloyd were to appear in very opaque long white trousers, as did the late King without obvious discomfort or risk to the royal succession, then we should have one of the most fetching mixed doubles pairs in the modern game. If Mr Lloyd could manage to forget that he's married money, they might even win something.

☐ 'Law', last week, (*writes Russell Davies*) should have read 'lore'. Astute readers will have guessed that the column was dictated in the traditional sporting manner over the telephone. I am wondering if I can interest the Complex in a Comp wherein readers would be invited to imagine themselves deafly misinterpreting an entire sports report read down a very bad line from, say, Tokyo or Troon by a drunken stringer with a strong Geordie accent. It would be nice to hear how Greg Norman scored a famous fig tree in the Mart Heaney Golf International; how John Morgan and Antonio Garrido shared Seckham Place; and how a late charge by the spaniel Vince Henty-Fernandez secured him another slice of the Big Mummy.

Weekend Competition

No 2568 Set by Maud Gracechurch

Time for an easy, summer comp, the kind you turn over in your head while lounging in your deckchair and playing the garden hose gently on the cat. You've heard of the headline-writer who summarised the first act of *Hamlet* as: SPOOK KING DEMANDS DEATH PROBE. Now tell the story of any major play or novel (name it) in three such headlines, none of them longer than *five* words. By 15 June.

Result of No 2565 Set by Fatboy

We asked for reviews by F. R. Leavis or William Empson of extremely insignificant works.

Report by Dan Drough, B.Sc

First, I want to clear up a small matter on which the Comp Complex has been receiving a very large postbag. Many of you will have read in this space almost a year ago the chilling line, 'Drough will never write in Fleet Street again'. How come, you ask, that I am not only penning this Report but have – the Comp Comp Computer informs me – appeared more times in this slot in the last three months than Little Keith, the Lemon Kid and Len the Unlucky put together? The answer lies in the name of the author of 1978's most senseless libel. It was Fat Jeff. His days of wine and double chips are over. As for this week: only one Empson (from Basil Ransome) and many imprecise Leavises. A coroner's apiece to those printed; near-misses from T. Griffiths and George Moor.

Sir, It is perhaps sufficient comment on the cultural pretensions of the 'quality' Sundays that Geoff Boycott's *Book for Young Cricketers* should have been so contemptuously cold shouldered in their columns; though it was patently, on reflection, too much to hope for that slick young metropolitan reviewers should have done anything else but fail to register the extraordinary felt delicacy by which the very *process* of a Boycottian sentence – an agonised syntactical straining that posits a prose constipation that is only too palpably and concretively 'there' – subsumes the customary enactment, in its all too chronic costiveness, of an authentic Boycottian innings. What does however remain duly to be noted is the infeasibility of gauging exactly the means by which anti-Establishment frustration proclaims itself here in gross inhibition of discourse whereas it might, in a more culturally conditioned sensibility, call attention to itself by a superstitious avoidance of straightforward predication. . .

MARTIN FAGG

The problem with the London A-Z (or, at least, so Mr Eliot insists) is that, by excluding from their considerations a notion of the outer extensions of Essex, the authors have confined themselves to 'too small a circle of human habitation'. Such, we are acidly asked – and I had better admit to the unpleasant taste such critical disdain leaves in my own throat – to believe, is the shortcoming of the volume. One hardly needs to refute this opinion. Here, after all, we may so easily find a repository of names, a collocation of literary monuments sufficient to preserve those vital, humanising values for a deserving posterity. It is true that we find (p.170)

Eliot Dri. Harr – 3C 22
Eliot Hill. SE13 – 3D 81
Eliot Pk. SE13 – 3D 81
Eliot Pl. SE3 – 3E 81
Eliot Rd. Dag – 1D 53

Still, one can reasonably conclude that these entries commemorate the writer of *Middlemarch.* But what we note more particularly (and here, we must admit, is the ultimate sign of the authors' moral virtues) is the entry on p.205. There we mark a Lawrence Bldgs., Clo., Ct., Cres., Gdns., Hill, La., Yd., two Lawrence St.s, four Lawrence Av.s. and – most emphatically of all – eight Lawrence Rd.s Such critical discernment isn't, we should agree, to be shrugged so disparagingly off. WILL BELLENGER

An eighth cluster of associations for 'lose' in *Regan and the Manhattan File* equates sexual depletion with death. Kennedy Martin would in any case assume his readers' familiarity with the Jacobean 'die', but the American setting gives 'lose' ('fail') in a special pun with *anglice* 'lost property' ('misplaced') as a strong joke about Haskins' father-relation to Regan. Hence 'get (=beget) lost' (which Regan *thinks* but does not say: he has *lost* his tongue) wishes on Haskins impotence or sterility – interestingly enough, this is an extremely offensive curse in China – and this is just what Satan, another unruly subordinate, wished on God. Regan's bastardy (both as Haskins' natural son the the user of rough methods) makes him very sensitive about failure and misplacement, and this no doubt brings in notions of his being a 'missing link' or 'lost clue' that the evolutionists searched for in order to dispute the credentials of God the Father.

The ninth use, however, is more complicated. . .

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

The function of 'This England' is to provide NEW STATESMAN readers with a superior smile at the supposed naivety of non NEW STATESMAN readers. Taken in small weekly doses these purloined snippets seem harmless enough; a scrutiny of them *en masse* in the booklet under review (*This England 1974-1978*) reveals the quintessential biliousness of the liberal establishment, whose fashionable mistake it is to confuse a permanently curled lip with critical discrimination. That John of Gaunt's original phrase should have become debased to an ironical headline is a measure of the insidious corruption of traditional civilised standards in our time – in university English schools no less than among readers of the popular Sunday newspapers. The unintended moral of this booklet is plain: a conscious return to the great Shakespearian; as opposed to the Great Turnstilean, sense of values is what we desperately need to save us from the collapsing ruins of our cultural heritage. STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

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Tony Miles

Chess

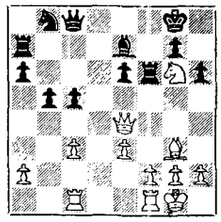
No 135 **Littlewood's success**

The second Aaronson Masters was a highly international event. The 76 competitors, including two GMs and 13 IMs, came from no less than 17 countries. Paul Littlewood scored a great success taking outright first place and recording his second IM norm with 7½/9. Second place was shared by the Swedish IM Niklasson and the young Spanish champion Rivas, with GM Janosevic and Richard Britton a further half point back. Apart from Littlewood IM norms also went to Rivas, Britton, Dugald MacPherson, Jim Plaskett (both 6/9) and John Watson (USA, 5½/9) and an IWM norm to Susan Caldwell (4½/9).

Littlewood's success was well deserved. He led the tournament throughout, starting with 5½/6, and produced good wins against Rivas and Bellin, and draws with the Dutch champion Ligterink and Spanish IM Sanz. One typically hard-earned point:

White: R Bellin **Black: P Littlewood**

1.P-K4, P-K4; 2.N-KB3, N-QB3; 3.B-N5, P-QR3; 4.B-R4, N-B3; 5.0-0, B-K2; 6.R-K1, P-QN4; 7.B-N3, 0-0; 8.P-Q4, P-Q3; 9.P-B3, B-N5; 10.P-Q5, N-QR4; 11.B-B2, P-B3; 12.P-KR3, B-B1; 13.PxP, Q-B2; 14.QN-Q2, QxP; 15.N-B1, N-B5; 16.N-N3, R-K1; 17.P-QR4, P-R3; 18.PxP, PxP; 19.RxR, RxR; 20.B-Q3, B-Q2; 21.P-QN3, N-N3; 22.B-N2, Q-B3; 23.Q-K2, R-R1; 24.N-B1, R-R7; 25.R-R1, RxR; 26.BxR, Q-R1; 27.B-N2, Q-R7; 28.Q-B2, B-B3; 29.N(1)-Q2, QN-Q2; 30.P-QN4, N-N3; 31.Q-N1, Q-R1; 32.K-R2. N-R5; 33.B-R1, B-Q1; 34.K-N1, N-R4; 35.P-B4, Q-N2; 36.Q-B2, B-K2; 37.N-N3, PxP; 38.QxP, N-N3; 39.Q-B1, BxP; 40.N-R5, Q-Q4; 41.BxB, QxB; 42.N-Q2, Q-Q4; 43.N(Q2)-B4, N-B5; 44.Q-B1, NxN; 45.NxN, Q-K5; 46.K-R1, NxNP; 47.QxN, QxN; 48.Q-R8ch, B-B1; 49.Q-R5, Q-B8ch; 50.K-R2, QxBPch; 51.K-R1, P-K5; 52.P-N5, P-Q4; 53.Q-Q8, Q-B8ch; 54.K-R2, QxP; 55.B-Q4, Q-K7ch; 56.K-N3, Q-Q6ch Resigns.



Problem 135

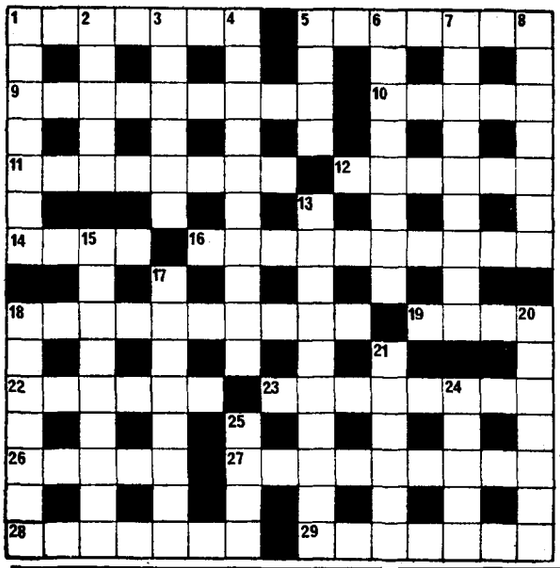
White to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 13th June.

Solution to Problem 133

1.RxR, QxR; 2.BxP! NxB; 3.Q-B5ch, K-B2 (or KxP, R-R1ch mates) 4.Q-R7ch, K-K1; 5.Q-N8ch, K-Q2; 6.P-R7 wins.

Weekend Crossword 1304

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1304, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 12 June.



ACROSS

1 Comfort for prisoners including the sick (7).
5 Place where graduates have some food included (7).
9 The television I sell all round a town (9).
10 Animal that gives everything back to its mother (5).
11 Son of Wenonah (8).
12 Soaked as grass in front of animal's home (6).
14 Without me a tragic woman has means of death (4).
16 In London it is blurred in time (6, 4).
18 Pay wages as giving means of getting through (10).
19 If back before Lent the water would be fragrant (4).
22 Harm by giving breathing space to the devil (6).
23 Not even dances are put on for queer people (8).
26 The human body looks like nothing when set beside mountains (5).
27 Their Enid wrongly got the money (9).
28 Lived although part of the body seems to be in danger (7).
29 Game which often goes with bridge (7).

DOWN

1 One who throws a pot? (7).
2 South Americans take this woman to heart (5).
3 See 13. (6).
4 Make her say so to the diviner (10).
5 Cook in the job a keen housewife enjoys (4).
6 Holy welcome to happy couple? (8).
7 Did not go straight, and there is little right in base action (9).
8 The loyal can thus disintegrate (7).
13 When ready to go to sea there is nothing in 3's job (6, 4).
15 Permits to enter for the seniors' meeting (9).
17 Diverse as a veteran (8).
18 Bow tie for artist (7).
20 Town which provides a grassy home (7).
21 No robe is made to be fit for a king (6).
24 The drunk lose their heads in this game (5).
25 Furious as a playright sounds (4).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1303

G	R	A	M	P	U	S	■	P	A	R	T	O	O	K
E	■	D	■	A	■	L	■	O	■	A	■	W	■	E
N	E	V	E	R	■	A	C	R	O	P	O	L	I	S
E	■	E	■	T	■	N	■	T	■	H	■	E	■	T
R	I	N	S	I	N	G	■	R	O	A	S	T	E	R
A	■	T	■	T	■	■	■	A	■	E	■	■	■	E
L	A	U	D	A	T	O	R	Y	■	L	A	P	E	L
■	■	R	■	■	■	R	■	A	■	■	■	A	■	■
C	R	E	D	O	■	D	O	L	O	M	I	T	E	S
L	■	■	U	■	E	■	■	■	A	R	■	U	■	■
E	V	I	C	T	O	R	■	W	I	L	K	I	N	S
A	■	D	R	■	L	■	H	■	L	■	M	■	P	■
V	E	R	S	A	T	I	L	E	■	O	Z	O	N	E
E	■	I	■	G	■	E	■	R	■	W	■	N	■	N
R	O	S	T	E	R	S	■	E	S	S	A	Y	E	D

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The TUC has a vacancy in its press and information department. The department handles relations with the press, television and radio. It also deals with a large number of inquiries from outside organisations and from the general public. The department is responsible for arranging the production and printing of a wide range of publications. The writing of press releases and articles forms an important part of the work.

Salary on a scale from £4,823 p.a. including London Weighting.

If you are interested in this vacancy please write quoting ref. PI2 for further details and an application form to:

The General Secretary,
Trades Union Congress,
Great Russell Street,
London WC1B 3LS.
Application closes 20 June 1979.

AN ASSISTANT

required in the

TRAINING AND EDUCATION DEPARTMENT

at GRAPHIC HOUSE, BEDFORD

Applications are invited from NGA members and others for this post. The main responsibilities which the successful applicant will have will be the organisation and teaching on NGA courses for shop floor representatives and branch representatives. Therefore, there will be a need to show ability to be able to perform this work effectively.

In addition, the successful applicant will be required to develop courses and course material and to liaise with other providers of trade union training and education such as the TUC and the WEA. The person appointed will also be working in the general education function of the Department.

Application forms are available from the General Secretary, **National Graphical Association**, Graphic House, 63-67 Bromham Road, Bedford MK40 2AG to whom they should be returned by Friday 6 July 1979.

PROGRAMME ASSISTANT

The British Broadcasting Corporation is looking for a Programme Assistant on a 3-year contract for its Persian Service in London.

Applicants, with Persian as first language, should have a thorough knowledge of English, education to University standard, the ability to translate quickly and accurately from English into Persian and an acceptable microphone voice.

The starting salary is £6,497 per annum rising after six months satisfactory probationary period to £7,061 per annum and to £7,343 per annum after one year, subject to continued satisfactory reports also a continued unconsolidated allowance of £361 per annum.

For further details write to: **Recruitment Officer, BBC, Bush House, Strand, London WC2B 4PH or telephone 240 3456 Ext. 2898 or 2874, quoting reference 1344/NS.**

BBC

TRADES UNION CONGRESS

Industrial Relations Department

Vacancies exist for administrative assistants in this department, whose work includes *industrial relations, trade union structure, manpower* policy and equal opportunities. Scope of work includes the preparation of documents, committee administration and the representation of the TUC at trade union and other meetings.

Applications are invited from persons with a commitment to Trade Unionism and relevant experience or qualifications and a knowledge of industrial relations law.

Starting salary will be according to age and experience on a scale which rises in seven annual steps from £4,823-£6,390.

If you are interested in these vacancies, please write quoting ref. IR2 for further details and application form to:

The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress,
Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS

ENQUIRY ADMINISTRATOR

(Ref. L.39)

Salary: £5,733 -£6,069 p.a. inclusive

This post has been created to assist and service the Panel of Enquiry set up to investigate the nature of policing in Lambeth and its effect on the local community.

It is anticipated that the enquiry will take almost 3 months and the appointment would be for a limited period which would not exceed six months. The successful applicant would be appointed by and be answerable to the Panel of Enquiry. Remuneration will be based on an annual salary which will be paid by the London Borough of Lambeth, the sponsors of the enquiry.

We are looking for someone who is familiar with the problems of an Inner City area, has experience of working with community groups and the ability to communicate and inspire confidence.

Application forms and further information obtainable from the Personnel and Recruitment Officer, Directorate of Management Services, London Borough of Lambeth, 18 Brixton Hill, London SW2 1RL. Telephone 01-274 7722 ext 3008/3009. Closing date 11 June 1979.

Our posts are open to both sexes and all races.

LAMBETH

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European Research Institute for Consumer Affairs (ERICA)

Research Officer

ERICA is a new research institute which is in the process of being established with Eirlys Roberts, CBE, as Chairman. With an initial two-year grant from Consumers' Association, ERICA will be concerned with basic research in a number of areas of importance to consumers. These include: consumers and the nationalised industries (research into the question of how consumers can influence the planning and the running of nationalised industries); representation (who is really entitled to speak for consumers in Europe); production for real needs (the extent to which new products take consumers' needs into account); the cost of consumer policies; communication (how government and other official bodies communicate with their consumers).

ERICA is looking for a research officer to help develop research proposals in some of these areas and to assist generally with the setting up of the institute. The person appointed will be a graduate in an appropriate subject with research experience. He or she will be able to work with a minimum of supervision and will be able to write reports in clear and simple language. Since ERICA will be a European institute, fluency in French or German would be desirable.

The appointment is initially on contract for two years. Salary will not be less than £6000 pa. The post is based in London.

Would applicants please send their full curriculum vitae to The Personnel Manager at the address below:

Which? Consumers' Association
14 Buckingham Street
London WC2N 6DS

UNIVERSITY OF KEELE

SECRETARY to the Editorial Board of *The Sociological Review* and *Monographs Series.*

Applications invited for the above mentioned post. A good standard of education required together with qualifications in shorthand and typewriting and an interest in publishing. The appointment is to begin 1 September 1979. Salary scale £3,018-£3,657 per annum (Grade 3).

Application forms and further details from the Registrar, The University, Keele, Staffs ST5 5BG to whom they should be returned not later than 15 June 1979.

SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH COUNCIL

RESEARCH UNIT ON ETHNIC RELATIONS

RESEARCH FELLOWS AND ASSOCIATES

Applications are invited from candidates with research training and/or experience in relevant social science disciplines for Research Fellow and Associate posts in the SSRC Research Unit on Ethnic Relations at the University of Aston in Birmingham, to work on two new research programmes in Race and the Inner City and Race and Employment.

Appointments will be made according to qualifications and experience within the salary range £3,689-£8,452 and will be for 3 to 5 years dating from, or as soon as possible after, 1 October 1979.

Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Administrative Secretary, RUER, St Peter's College, Saltley, Birmingham B8 3TE.

Closing date for applications 30 June 1979.

SOCIAL SCIENCE RESEARCH COUNCIL

RESEARCH UNIT ON ETHNIC RELATIONS

RESEARCH FELLOWS AND ASSOCIATES

(HISTORIANS AND DEMOGRAPHERS)

Applications are invited from Historians and Demographers for two new posts in the SSRC Research Unit on Ethnic Relations at the University of Aston in Birmingham. One post will be concerned with writing a history of race relations in Britain since 1945 and the other with studying the demography of immigration in Britain and Western Europe. Appointments will be made according to qualifications and experience within salary range £4,232-£8,452 and will be for 3 to 5 years, dating from, or as soon as possible after, 1 October 1979.

Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Administrative Secretary, RUER, St Peter's College, Saltley, Birmingham B8 3TE.

Closing date for applications 30 June 1979.

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University of Wales

University College of Swansea

Lecturers

Applications are invited for two vacancies of

Lecturer in the Department of Political Theory and Government

Applicants for one of the posts should have interests in the Government & Politics of France. U.S.A., and for the other, in the Government Politics of France.

The appointments, which will date from 1 October 1979, will be on the scale £4,333 - £8,992 per annum, together with USS/USDPS benefits.

Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Personnel Officer, University College of Swansea, Singleton Park, Swansea SA2 8PP, to whom they should be returned by Friday, 22 June 1979.

WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE

invite applications for our

International Office:

REGIONAL COORDINATOR FOR EUROPE

This is a new post being established to strengthen existing national committees and establish new ones to initiate joint programmes and locate new funding sources. The person appointed will be based in Europe and the appointment will be for one year initially. Candidates will need to be fluent in English and French and have overseas experience. Salary will be equivalent to junior assistant lecturer in country of base, probably Netherlands. Closing date for completed applications 15 June 1979.

London Office:

FIELD SECRETARY

A vacancy will soon exist for someone to undertake the responsibility of field work in institutes of higher education. This will involve considerable travel in the U.K. and liaison with student unions, WUS groups and other relevant organisations. Candidates will need to have a detailed understanding of development issues and the ability to translate that knowledge into active campaign work. Salary is on scale £4,379-£5,373.

This will be a one year appointment initially. Closing date for completed applications 15 June 1979.

For further details write to:

Kathy McGuinness
World University Service (UK)
20/21 Compton Terrace
London N1 2UN.

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UNIVERSITY OF HULL

The Brynmor Jones Library

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Librarian in the *Institute of Education Library*. Appointment will be made on the Grade IA scale for Senior Library Staff: £4,232-£7,145 per annum, with the possibility of promotion to Grade IIB.

Further particulars may be obtained from The Registrar, The University of Hull, Hull, HU6 7RX to whom applications, naming two referees, should be sent by 30 June 1979.

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Office supervisor for small but busy trade union head office. Ability to maintain central filing system essential. Required to supervise general office & clerical staff, oversight offset printing and copying machines, and work on own initiative at times. Salary maximum of £5,570 subject to 1979 revision.

Applications 'in confidence' to: T. Wilkinson, SOCIETY OF POST OFFICE EXECUTIVES, 116 Richmond Road, Kingston-Upon-Thames, Surrey KT2 5HL.

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SEMI-RETIRED DOCTOR, travelling in France and Switzerland, Aug. and Sept., would like to meet lady interested in travelling abroad and driving. Sharing some expenses. Opportunity for mountain walks, climbing and skiing. Box 5283.

GENTLEMAN, single, cultured, mid 40s; interests music, social pleasure, conversation, sun, travel, people; secure income; background R.C. Church; seeks sincere, elegant, attractive lady. Hoping for mutual happiness, fulfilment through meaningful relationship. Phone number appreciated. Confidential. Box 5297.

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PROFESSIONAL WOMAN (40s), unencumbered, with wide interests, seeks congenial male companion. Box 5301.

ESTABLISHED author, playwright, tall, attractive, 42, seeks female companion, 23 to 33, interested in journalism and/or creative writing as career. Box 5306.

ATTRACTIVE MAN, lecturer in Social Sciences, 33, sense of humour, many friends, own house and car, seeks woman with view to developing relationship. South East area. Box 5216.

UNATTACHED MALE, 37, politically uncommitted, sense of humour, varied ints, seeks female friend, London. Box 5215.

WIDOW, home loving, attractive personality, travelled, high standards, 60+, seeking m. same qualities, car helpful. Box 5214.

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Theatres

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NATIONAL THEATRE, 928 2252. 'The Fruits of Enlightenment', 'For Services Rendered', 'Close of Play', 'Dispatches'. Last two perfs of 'Strife' in limited decor. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

TOWER, Canonbury Place, N1. Stoppard's 'If You're Glad I'll be Frank' and 'The Real Inspector Hound', 1-3, 5-9 June at 7.30. Bookings: 226 5111 (Mons 6.30-8, Tues-Sats 2.15-8).

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SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (Opp. Belsize Park Tube). 'The Private Files of J. Edgar Hoover' (AA). Progs 2.30, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10.

Exhibitions

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Signed limited edition *prints by Moore, Boyd, Whiteley, Lowry.*

INTERNATIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC Conference, Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Road, London NW3. 'The published photograph' 21 to 23 June. 'Will Academia ruin photography?' 29 June to 1 July. For further details and costs: Tel. 435 2643.

SUMMER HOLIDAY SCHOOL
Spain in the 20th Century
11-17 AUGUST 1979
WEDGWOOD MEMORIAL COLLEGE
BARLASTON VILLAGE, near STOKE-ON-TRENT

The School will combine Lectures, Discussion, Films and Music with good food, comfortable accommodation, holiday amenities and pleasant surroundings for an inclusive Fee of £38.

Visiting Lecturers will include BILL ALEXANDER, Former Commander, British Battalion, International Brigade, on 'THE WAR IN SPAIN, 1936-1939'.

INTERNATIONAL BRIGADERS SPECIALLY WELCOME

Organised by N. Staffs District WEA. Course Tutor: Mike Crompton (Manchester Polytechnic). Course Organiser: Dave Goodman.
Brochure and Application Form from:
The Secretary, Wedgwood Memorial College, Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent ST12 9DG. Early Booking Advised.

NT NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252
From 2 June eves at 8.00 (except 6 June at 7.00)
COTTESLOE THEATRE (small auditorium all tickets £1.90)

Michael Herr's
DISPATCHES
adapted for the stage by
Bill Bryden and the company

Director Bill Bryden
Designer William Dudley
Lighting Andy Phillips
Music John Tams

James Brockington, Oliver Cotton, Edna Doré, Michael Feast, Gawn Grainger, James Grant, Guy Gregory, Oscar James, Wing Lau, Kevin McNally, Derek Newark, Clarke Peters, Brian Protheroe, Trevor Ray, John Salthouse, Jack Shepherd, John Tams, Derek Thompson, Don Warrington

A stage version of American writer Michael Herr's best-selling book about the war in Vietnam. "The best book I have ever read on men and war in our time" (John Le Carré)

(Perhaps not suitable for children)

Cottesloe Student Standby: any unsold seats £1.00 in half-hour before start

YEATS
INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL, SLIGO, IRELAND.
11 Aug.-25 Aug. 1979
Applications will be accepted by telephone:
Secretary, Yeats Society, Sligo (071) 2693
between 10.30 a.m.-1 p.m. and 3 p.m.-5 p.m.

Meetings

PROFESSOR G. F. MANCINI, Professor of Law in the University of Bologna, member of the Italian Supreme Council of the Judiciary, will give the 8th Chorley Lecture on 'Politics and the Judges; a European perspective' on Wednesday 13 June 1979 in the Founders' Room at the London School of Economics, Houghton St, Aldwych, WC2 at 5.30 p.m. Admission free without ticket.

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, SW1. 5 June 7.30 p.m. Griselda Pollock on 'Van Gogh & Wölfli Reconsidered' (Accompanies the Wölfli exhibition). 75p. 930 6393.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. Demonstration of Open Centre Family Counselling using a technique based on the principles of Adlerian Psychology by Lilian F. C. Beattie MB, BS, Clinical MO Bucks AHA. Tues, 5 June 7.30 p.m. Community Rooms, Millman St, (East Side), WC1. Visitors welcome 50p (stud. 25p). Refresh. from 7.15 p.m.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Douglas Wilson of the US Embassy on 'Human Rights After Helsinki'. Wed, 6 June 7.30 at 5 Tavistock Place, WC1. All welc.

SHAW SOCIETY: Friday 8 June 7 p.m. Leslie Jones on 'William Morris and his influence on Shaw and Wells'. Coffee 6.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square WC1.

WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN the Socialist Party. A Nationwide series of meetings organised by the Socialist Party of Great Britain during June: S London Mon. 4 June, Socialist Party of Great Britain head office, 52 Clapham High Street; Edinburgh: Thurs. 7 June 7.30, Trades Council Halls, 14 Picardy Place; Mid-Surrey, Fri. 8 June 8 p.m. Friends Meeting House, North St, Guildford; W. Yorks: Fri. 8 June 7.30 Textile Hall, Westgate, Bradford. For details of other meetings & free literature write to Dept. NS, 52 Clapham High St, London SW4.

THE CHRIST is now emerging into public work. Sharing, Justice, Brotherhood are the Keynotes of His Message. Talks by Benjamin Creme — Alice Bailey Teachings background: Friends' House, Euston Road, London NW1. Tuesdays 5, 12 & 19 June, 7 p.m. All welcome. 01-485 1739. Questions, Meditation, Transmission.

THEOSOPHY: s.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 3 June 8 p.m. 'Theosophy & Education'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, London W2.

Courses

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or Tel. 0865-54231 (24 hrs).

GERMAN TUITION, all grades, by British subject academically trained in Germany. 435 8523. NW London.

VOTE LABOUR on June 7
and campaign for a Socialist Europe. Join
Young European Left
For details of membership and activities write to:
The General Secretary
Peter Ebsworth
332 Norwood Road
London SE27

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